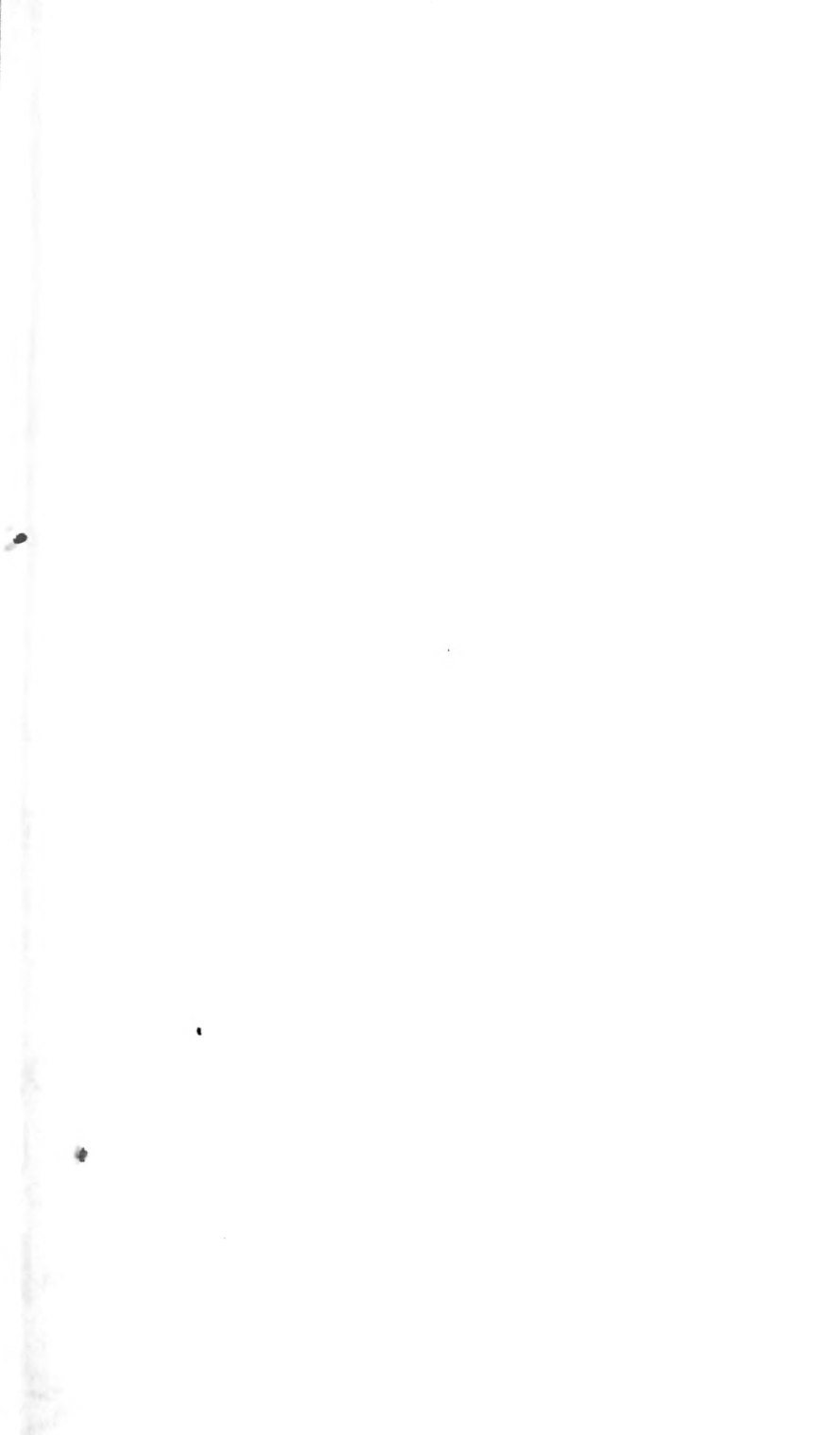


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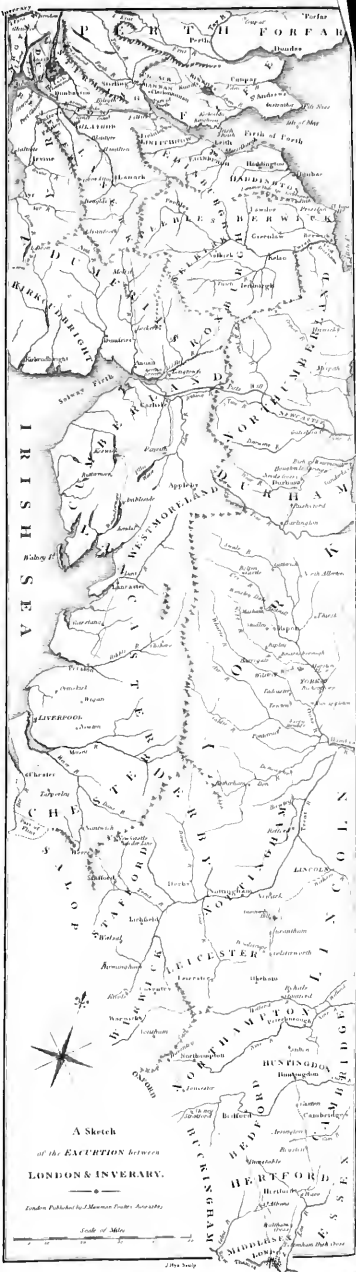




61

EXCURSION  
TO THE  
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND  
AND THE  
ENGLISH LAKES.







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AN  
*EXCURSION*  
TO THE  
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND  
AND THE  
ENGLISH LAKES,  
WITH  
*RECOLLECTIONS, DESCRIPTIONS,*  
AND REFERENCES TO  
HISTORICAL FACTS.

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"SEEK FOR WISDOM IN THE WIDE VARIETY OF THE RICH  
STOREHOUSE OF NATURE."

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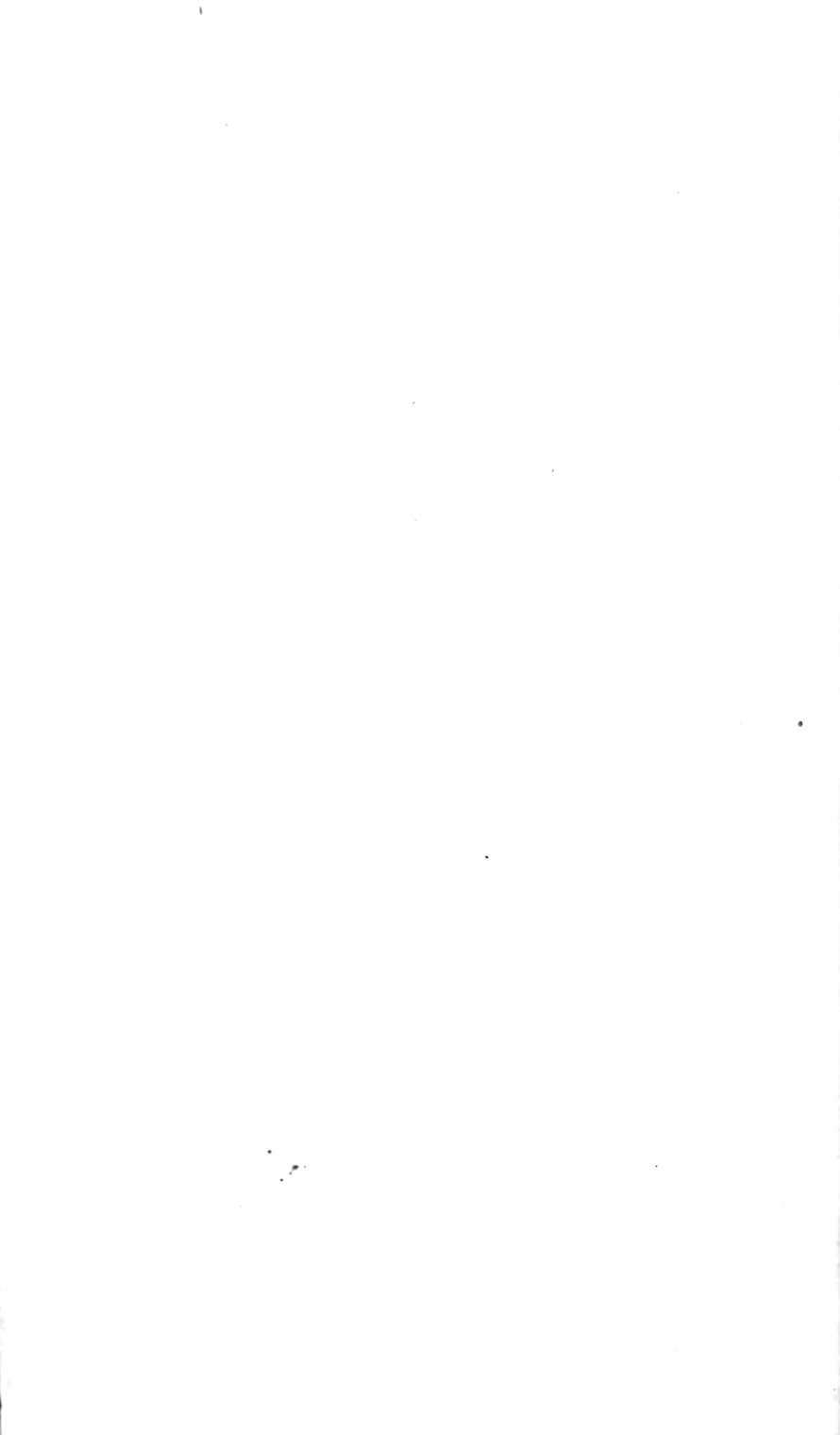
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LONDON:  
PRINTED FOR J. MAWMAN, POULTRY.

—  
1805.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.

429821  
23.11.44



TO

WILLIAM SALTE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

IN sending you this hasty sketch of our short but agreeable excursion, I merely fulfil my engagement.

Should your friends derive any amusement from the perusal, to you only their thanks are due, for without your injunction I should not have committed my remarks to writing.

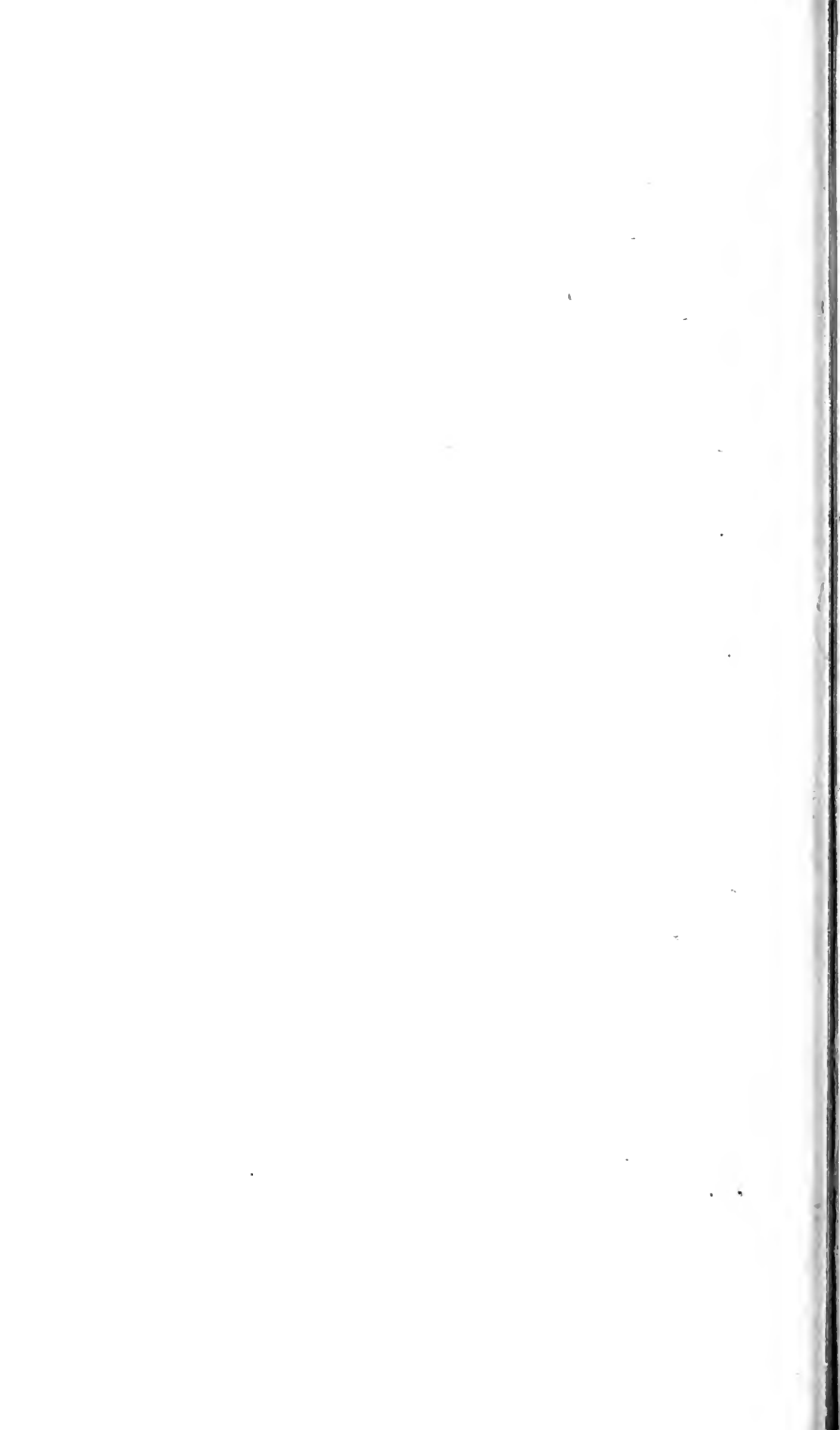
Whatever is erroneous, or frivolous, must be wholly attributed to me: but among my foibles include not the vanity of my supposing, that the following pages can aspire to the rank of a regular composition. My chief purpose in the publication is attained, in thus expressing the value that I set on your friendship, and the respect which I feel for your character.

Believe me, dear sir,

Most sincerely yours,

POULTRY,  
4th April, 1805.

J. MAWMAN.



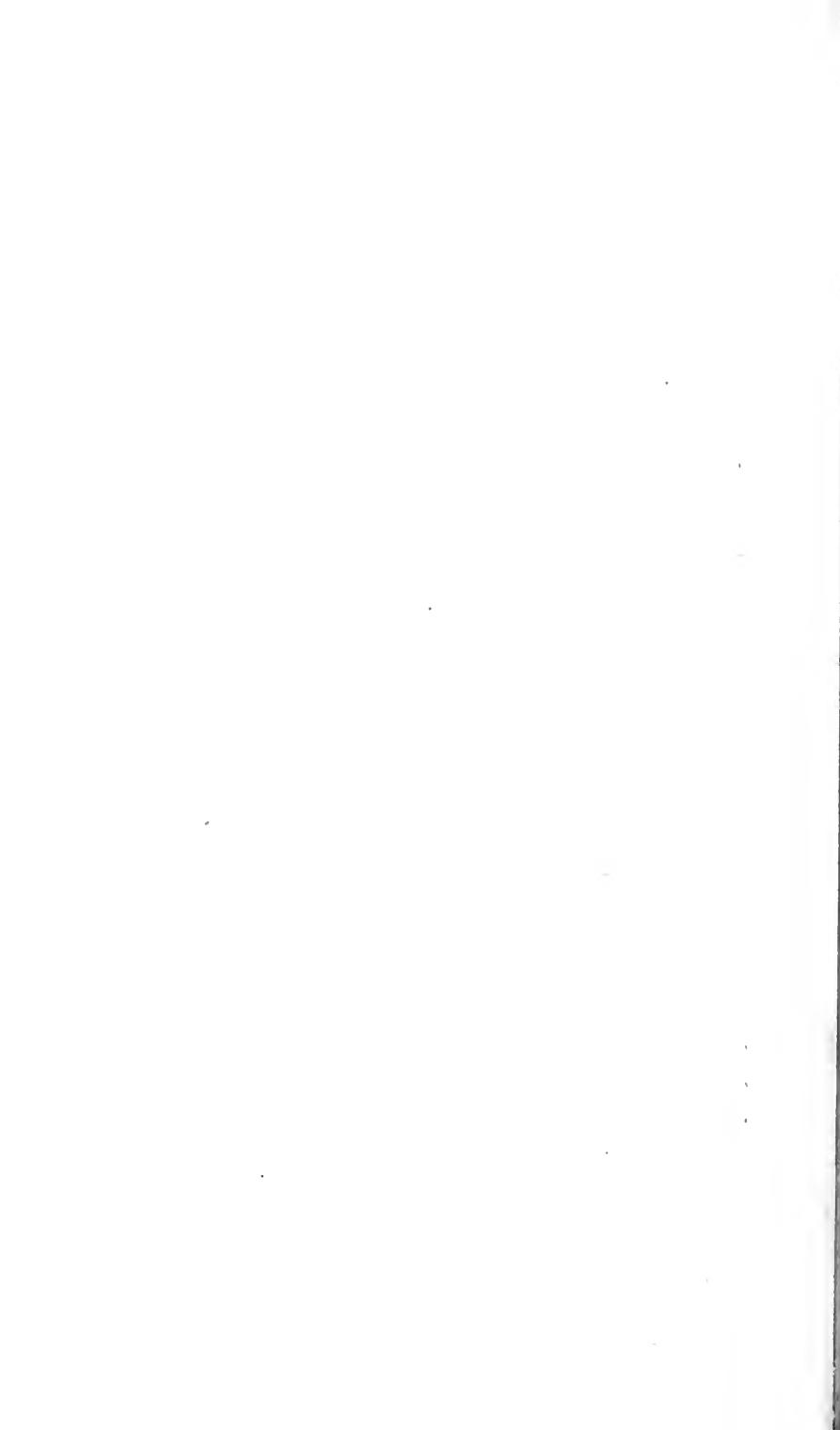


## TO THE READER.

AN ancient writer is said to have given us a true criterion to judge of a good book, "when the author has said all he ought, "nothing but what he ought, and every "thing as he ought."

If you expect so much excellence from the following pages, composed almost wholly from hasty memoranda, written during the rapid motion of a chaise on a journey more of business than of pleasure, you will be disappointed: should you find, joined to it's other imperfections, a want of interest (for it aspires no higher, than to amuse) you are here furnished with a hint to prevent it's being tiresome.

A great talker, flattering himself that he displayed much wisdom to a Grecian philosopher, said, "Are you not astonished?" "Yes," replied the sage; "but what astonishes me is, that any man should use his "ears to listen to you, who can employ his "legs to escape from you."



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ERRATA.

Page 100 line 11 for *thirty* read *fifty*.  
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AN  
EXCURSION  
TO THE  
HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,  
AND THE  
ENGLISH LAKES.

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CHAP. 1.

Departure from London—Tottenham—Waltham-Cross—Queen Eleanor—Ware—Arrington—Rising-sun—Royston crow—The advantages of an university-education—Huntingdon—Cromwell and Buonaparte compared—Vandals—Carausius—Caxton—Matthew Paris—Caxton the printer—Stilton-cheese—Burleigh—Geoffry Hudson the dwarf—Anecdote of the late Marquis of Exeter.

ON the 10th day of July, 1804, two citizens, designing to take a journey into Scotland, quitted their habitations in the heart of that metropolis, whose merchants, from it's extensive commerce, are more im-

portant and more honourable than those of any other in the world.

They left without sorrow to it's anxious inhabitants the ceaseless noise of carriages, the continual movement of busy feet and of feverish tongues, and those harassing tumults of the breast, which produce great wealth and splendour, but neither contentment nor gratification; for how can there be comfort without, when strife is always raging within?



We intended to leave London, on Monday the 9th, to visit Liverpool and the Lakes in our way to Glasgow, and to return through Edinburgh and York; but finding Sir William Milner had resolved to set off for his seat in Yorkshire the day following, and that he was disposed to honour us with his company, we determined to reverse our route.

On Tuesday afternoon, in a chaise hired

for the journey, we quickly left behind us the Mansion-house, the Bank, the Exchange, streets teeming with wealth, noble churches and extensive structures erected by public and individual charity;

*Fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ :*

all impressive proofs of the splendour and magnificence of the capital, and of the refinement and benevolence of a great commercial people.

At Tottenham High-cross we noticed a pillar of brick, and at Waltham one of stone, both erected by Edward the First to the memory of his beloved Eleanor: the former possesses little to excite admiration, but the latter, being in high preservation and enriched with gothic ornaments, is very beautiful. Fourteen crosses were erected as monuments of affection and of respect to this queen, from Herdley in Nottinghamshire where she died, to London the place of her interment, at the seve-

ral places where the body rested on the road.

In our progress to Waltham-cross we did not observe a single corn-field, the land being almost wholly appropriated to the grazing of cattle. The number of cows kept for the use of the inhabitants of the metropolis, in the small county of Middlesex, is believed to be upwards of forty thousand.

Passing through Ware at the head of the navigation of the river Lea, which renders it a considerable town, principally by enabling it to supply London with flour and malt, prepared here and in the neighbourhood from the produce of the adjacent fertile country, we reached the Hardwick Arms, at Arrington about eleven o'clock, where we slept.

Next morning being fine, the Swiss-box became the most interesting seat of our carriage. Commanding a view on every side, the body placed at ease and the mind

kept in agreeable vivacity by the rapid succession of objects, it was found to be the best adapted for observation, for reflection, and for pleasure.

The broad expanse uninterruptedly spread around afforded an unlimited liberty of prospect, and exhilarated us with the consciousness of emancipation. Our eyes were delighted with the change from straight lines of streets, constantly terminated by houses, to an immeasurable amphitheatre closed only by the mellow softness of clouds. To add to the impressiveness of this (to us) novel scene, we beheld the sun rise in splendour, “ coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a giant to run his course:” and we sighed at the recollection of the many glorious days that pass over the inhabitant of London, unconscious that there is a bright sun and a clear atmosphere, a grateful verdure and a refreshing breeze “ with day-spring born.”

In the neighbourhood of Royston, we saw a species of crow (supposed to breed in Scandinavia) which is little known except here and in the eastern parts of England: it's head, neck, and wings are black, glossed over with a fine blue; the breast, belly, and back pale ash colour; the toes broad and flat, to enable it to tread upon marshy ground.

Our road did not carry us through Cambridge; but it was impossible to pass so near it, without recollecting and revering those illustrious characters of past ages, Bacon, Milton, Newton, and others; and many too of our own times, who received their education at this university, and who have been and still are ornaments to the state, to the church, and to general literature. Notwithstanding the late attempts to cast a shade over the utility of this and the other universities of the United Kingdom, we felt the fullest conviction of the advantages derived to society from drawing together young men of rank, of affluence, and of



genius; where enlightened emulation must be communicated from breast to breast, arising, not only from a regard to character amongst their coevals, but from a desire to be ranked amongst their illustrious predecessors, the glories of the senate, the pulpit, and the bar. We were persuaded that the advantages of public instruction do not stop here; the dispersion of generous youth, who have received a liberal education, who have formed exalted friendships, and who possess a superiour elegance of manners, must have a tendency to diffuse useful knowledge and social habits, the great preservatives from immorality and superstition. We could not recollect any protestant institution in the world, the members of which are required to remain in celibacy, excepting the universities of England and Ireland.

We breakfasted at Huntingdon, saw the house in which Cromwell was born, and were naturally led to compare him with

Buonaparte. Both, with minds insatiably ambitious, rose from subordinate situations in the army to supreme authority: both seized every opportunity of employing their abilities most advantageously to themselves, and to the state: both became a terrour to the surrounding nations: and Buonaparte probably, like Cromwell, will be tormented with an unquiet conscience, and die with the character of being the worst and the greatest man of his age. We lamented that the tendency to decay inherent in all human affairs, joined to the selfishness and ambition of men, should produce more years of desolation than of tranquillity, and thus cause the necessity of revolutions. It was remarked, that the lust of sovereign power is a temptation hardly to be resisted; and that, though revolutions are more frequent in barbarous than in polished ages, yet in the latter, they are not less subversive or less bloody.

It is supposed that a considerable body of

Vandals, which the Roman emperor Probus sent into Britain, settled in this district; and, in the subsequent troubles in the country, approved themselves the most faithful servants of the state. A few years afterwards, this island was wrested from Rome by Carausius, a Welshman of the meanest origin, but a skilful pilot and a brave soldier. The mention of this British emperor might be thought of small importance, but for the remarkable fact that, so early as A.D. 289, the fleets under his direction rode triumphant in the channel, commanding the mouths of the Seine and of the Rhine, ravaged the coasts of the ocean, and he diffused the terrour of his name along the shores of the Mediterranean.

The insular situation of Britain, and the barbarism of the Anglo-Saxons, seem to have made them neglect the arts of navigation, and renounce commercial advantages; but probably, from the æra of Carausius to the reigns of Alfred and Edgar

(for the dark ages were not so destitute of light, as is commonly supposed) some penetrating minds have at all times perceived, that in the navy is the natural and only true strength of our country.

Caxton, which we passed through, is said to have been the place of nativity of Matthew Paris, an historian of the thirteenth century, who defended his country from the encroachments of the pope. It is also supposed to have given birth to William Caxton, whose name will be handed down to the latest posterity, as the first printer of books in England. The earliest specimen of his art (it is believed) printed during his residence on the continent, in the year 1471, was entitled *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troyes*; but the first book, which he produced in his own country, was his *Game of Chesse*, printed in 1474. The former may be regarded as the first printed English book; the latter, as the first book printed in England.

It is impossible to pass through Stilton without thinking of it's cheese, the produce however, chiefly of Leicestershire. We smiled at the sneer of the editor of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, who states "that this place is famous for what is called "English Parmesan, which is brought to the English tables full of mites and "maggots:" and suspected this gentleman had not travelled so far south as to have either seen or tasted this excellent produce of the dairy which he affects to describe.

Before we reached Stamford we observed, upon an eminence on our right, Burleigh, a mansion highly celebrated for it's pictures, which we much regretted we had not time to inspect. Our proximity to it, however, produced many agreeable impressions: and amongst other interesting recollections the celebrated dwarf, Geoffry Hudson, became the subject of conversation—his introduction on the table (at an entertainment given at this place) in a cold pye, and

his being presented, "when the pye was opened," to the royal guest, Henrietta queen of Charles the First: his being drawn by the king's gigantic porter out of his pocket at a masque at court, as if to devour him: his appointment during the civil wars to the rank of captain: his duel with a Mr. Crofts, who at first came into the field armed only with a squirt, whom he killed at the first shot, on their second meeting: his banishment from court for this offence: his commencing sailor, capture by a Turkish rover, slavery in Barbary, release, and subsequent appointment to the command of a ship in the royal navy: his attending queen Henrietta, on her final retreat into France: his return to England after the Restoration, and death in prison in 1682, aged 63 years, from a suspicion of his having been concerned in the Rye-house Plot. A minute detail of the eventful life of this little hero, who never attained four feet in

stature, may be found in Lord Orford's Works.

There are some circumstances in the life of the late noble possessour of Burleigh, which deserve commemoration. In his youth, while Mr. Cecil (his uncle being then earl of Exeter) he married a lady of very large fortune. In a few years, having suffered two of the deepest wounds which the severity of fortune can inflict, the loss of his property by gaming and of his wife by divorce, he determined to abandon the fashionable world, and retired under the name of Jones to a village in Shropshire. There he at first occupied a lodging, but soon built a small cottage; and continued for some years in such profound obscurity, that hardly a trace of him could be discovered by his friends: while the inhabitants of the village formed the wildest conjectures concerning the solitary stranger. His agreeable manners, however, soon rendered him an acceptable

neighbour. One evening, at the table of the rector of the parish, he displayed so much knowledge of the world and such a degree of classical information, that his host told him, his education and manners were too conspicuously superiour to those of the character he assumed (viz. that of a servant who had gained a small independence in the family of a nobleman) not to excite considerable doubts, both of the name which he bore and the account which he gave of himself. This remark induced Mr. Cecil, after the strictest injunction of secrecy, to disclose his real history.

Amongst the farmers, whom he occasionally visited, was one of the name of Hoggins. This person had a daughter about eighteen years of age, so beautiful and amiable, that Mr. Cecil made her an offer of his hand. She referred him to her father, who, on account of the mystery involving his character, objected to



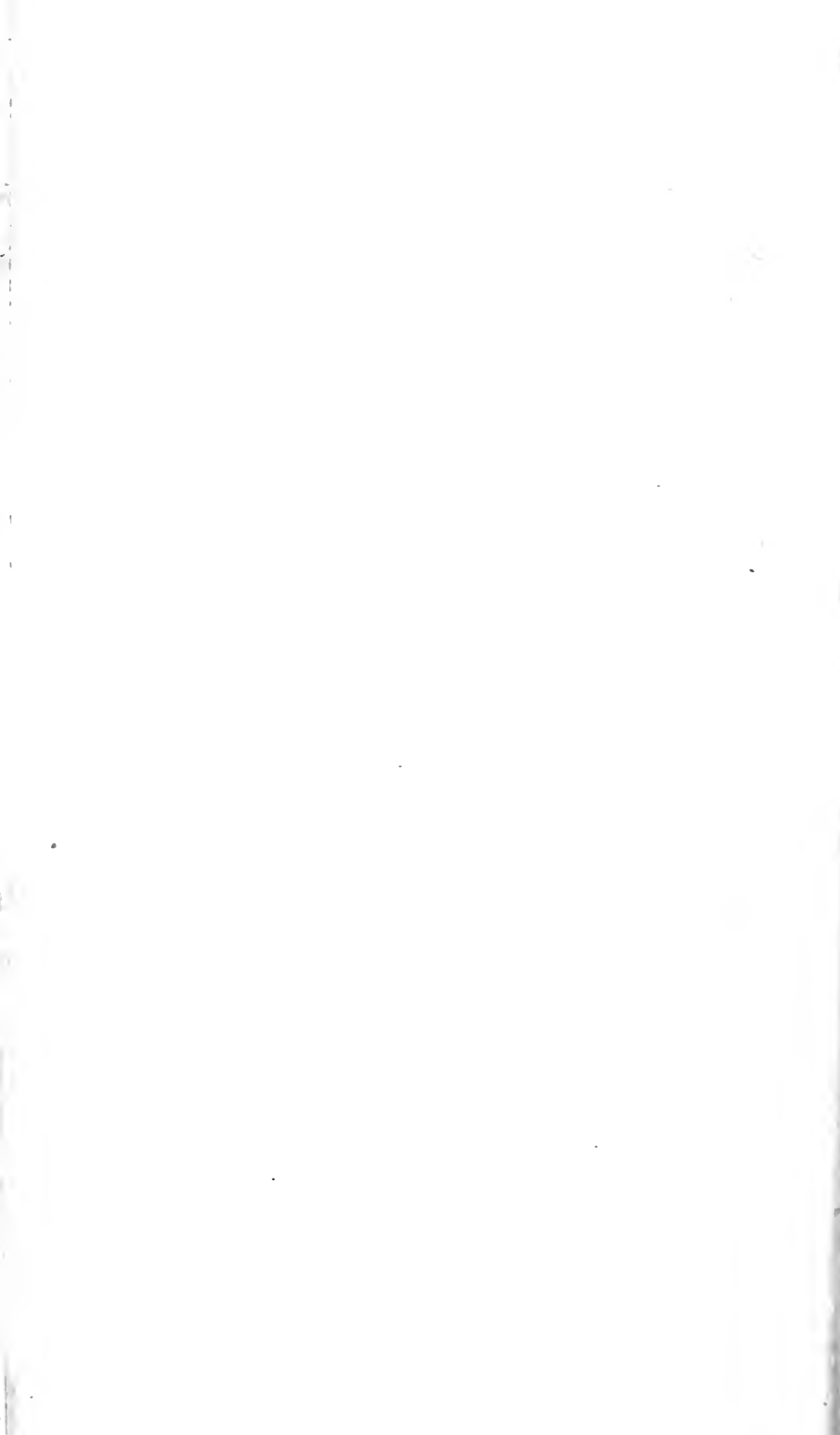
the match. To this he replied, that the offer was much more advantageous than either the father or the daughter could reasonably expect. The farmer then consulted the clergyman, who told him he was not at liberty to give him the desired information: but he probably expressed himself upon the occasion, so as to convince the inquirer that he ought not to withhold his consent; for the marriage was soon after solemnized (in the year 1791) and Mr. and Mrs. Jones retired to their cottage.

Lord Exeter being at the point of death, the steward was dispatched in search of the heir, whom he found at Bolas with a wife and two children. Mr. Cecil, having contrived still to remain unknown, proposed to his lady a journey to Stamford in the stage-coach. Before their arrival, the uncle was no more. To Burleigh they were conveyed in a chaise; and, as they proceeded through the park, Mr. Cecil

(now earl of Exeter) repeatedly asked his fair companion, how she liked the grounds and the situation of the mansion: he then proposed, that they should "see the house;" and, while the cottager was gazing with astonishment at the novel scene of so much magnificence, told her that these objects of her admiration, together with many which he would afterwards show her, were her own, and that she was the countess of Exeter. The sudden communication of this unexpected grandeur was too powerful for her to sustain, and she was carried motionless into her apartment.

The remark however, that great and sudden elevations seldom contribute much to happiness, was here fully exemplified. Admired for her beauty and early attainment of elegant manners, beloved for her humility and amiable conduct, amidst those scenes of splendour lady Exeter appeared unhappy. Her perpetual

solicitude to acquire those accomplishments, which she thought requisite for her new station, probably preyed upon her spirits and accelerated her death. She died in the bloom of life (at the age of 24) in January, 1797, leaving two sons and a daughter, the present marquis, lord Thomas, and lady Sophia Cecil.



## CHAP. 2.

Stamford—St. Tibba—Dr. Stukeley—Woolstrobe—Newton—Cromwell—Milton—Gunnerby-hill—Grantham—Newark—King John—Retford—Bawtry—Unpleasant sensation at the sight of a skeleton in chains—Beautiful south entrance into Doncaster—Sherburn—Athelstan's wise law—Battle of Towton—Tadcaster—Nun-appleton—Extraordinary good fortune of a Leeds merchant.

WE stopped but a few minutes at Stamford, which once possessed a college and fourteen churches, but of those only four are now remaining. It is built chiefly of stone (hence called by the Saxons *Steanford*) and situated on the navigable river Welland. Stone is here an article of trade, as well as coals, malt, &c.

Ryhale, only two miles on the right of our road from Stamford, was once well known from its chapel founded by Tibba, a female anchorite. Dr. Stukeley makes

her the hunter's tutelar saint, and supposes him to be invoking St. Tibba, when he sings Tan-tivy.

Saint Tibba, tan-tivy, huzza, Dr. Stukeley !

It is hoped, that neither the physician nor the divine will look grave at the liberty taken with this arch-druid, this disciple of *Æsculapius* and son of the church. But surely such noble etymology-hunting deserves a burst of admiration!!!

About five miles before we reached Grantham, and a mile to the left of Colsterworth, we saw at a little distance from the road Woolstrobe, the birth-place of one whose splendour in philosophy was much greater than that of Cromwell in politics. Cromwell by his profound dissimulation, matchless intrepidity, and enterprising genius became the greatest man of his age; Newton was the astonishment of the whole civilized world. The Protector's aggrandisement caused him, during his prosperity,

to be more gazed at by the populace; but the patient and recluse discoveries of the philosopher, by connecting his name with those of the luminaries of heaven, will probably ensure it's remembrance when even Britain herself with her annals, her statesmen, and her heroes, may be mouldering in forgotten dust. "In Greece he would have been worshipped as a divinity."

It is a very trite observation, that the fame which attends literary genius is infinitely more lasting than that of personal eminence, or military achievements. But Cromwell little suspected that the writings of his latin secretary, called by White-locke "one John Milton," would be read with admiration perhaps in distant ages; and that he himself must at some future period be indebted for a great portion of his celebrity to his connexion with the author of *Paradise Lost*.

At Grantham we saw nothing to admire but the church, the steeple of which termi-

nates in a spire three hundred feet high; it's leaning appearance is disagreeable.

From the top of Gunnerby-hill, the approaching flat is preceded by a view uncommonly extensive. At a distance on the left we beheld the towers of Belvoir-castle, the magnificent seat of the duke of Rutland; and toward the right, upon a high hill, Lincoln cathedral.

The spacious market-place at Newark, with it's elegant modern town-hall, gave us pleasure. We noticed the large ruinous castle, built in the reign of Stephen, whose unstable authority contributed greatly to multiply fortresses: and recollected that here died king John, whose mean and cruel character disgraces our annals. Near this town is a cotton-mill, which gives employment to three hundred persons; sail-cloth is also manufactured, and quantities of a stone similar to plaster of Paris are conveyed hence by the navigation of the Trent to different parts of the kingdom.



On our departure from Newark, we crossed a fine stone-bridge built by the late duke of Newcastle, consisting of seven arches, thrown over that branch of the river Trent which flows along the north side of this town. Hence is a continuity of bridges with little intervals for nearly two miles. To raise the road for so great a length of way nine feet above the meadows, and to build ninety-five arches (in some places thirteen and fifteen in connexion) must have been an arduous and expensive undertaking, and does honour to the county.

This elevated way, finished A.D. 1775, was rendered necessary by the numerous currents of the Trent,

“ Who, like some earth-born giant, spreads

“ His thirty arms along th’indented meads :”

and by it’s frequent overflowings, which often delayed the progress of travellers for many days, who were not able to cross

the impetuous flood, even in boats. The removal of this obstruction, as well as the improvements so generally conspicuous in the English roads, must principally be attributed to the great increase of our trade.

At Retford, known from it's market of hops, the produce of the neighbourhood, we did not stop.

The country from London to Stilton is uniformly flat; thence to Gunnerby-hill it is uneven, and somewhat varied; but from the latter place we traverse a vast and level plain, which continues almost to Doncaster, and in extent resembles the surface of the ocean, with this difference only, that the scene is not so quickly terminated by a circular boundary where it melts into the horizon. It was questioned whether a more uninteresting tract of one hundred and fifty miles could be found within the island: but, what is of much greater importance to the generality of travellers, the

road for the whole way, and much farther north, is so excellent that it can hardly be equalled.

On our approach to Bawtry, we beheld the skeleton of a wretch hanging in chains, and regretted the barbarity of a practice which wounds only the living. Why should the innocent passenger be alarmed in the midst of security? Why should he be constrained to feed, as it were, upon mangled bodies; and to have his mind filled with a recollection of frightful crimes and horrible catastrophes? Human ingenuity can neither aggravate, nor assuage, torments after death. The exposed carcase feels neither the burnings of a vertical sun, nor the bitings of an arctic frost; the fannings of the breeze, nor the buffetings of the winds and storms; no horror is produced, which has any tendency to prevent crimes; no feeling, but that of pity mixed with disgust.

Our sensations of uneasiness at entering

Bawtry were amply compensated upon our approach to Doncaster. The full-grown avenue of trees gently waving like the line of beauty, the newly erected pillar on the elevated ground at it's termination, and the lofty white houses, with the public buildings rising above them on each side of a very spacious street, all concur to render the south entrance into this town one of the most beautiful in England.

At Sherburn was a palace, built by king Athelstan, but of which there is now no appearance. The church, standing conspicuous on a rising ground near the town, is supposed to have been built out of it's ruins. This prince enacted that any merchant who should make three long sea-voyages on his own account, should be admitted to the rank of a thane, or nobleman; an act deserving particular notice, as one of the first of those wise regulations which, by rendering commerce honourable, has "made our merchants princes," and con-

tributed to our present unparalleled naval glory.

Between Sherburn and Tadcaster, we passed over the scene rendered memorable by the battle of Towton, in which above thirty-six thousand men are computed to have fallen: the slaughter was chiefly after the conflict, in consequence of a proclamation from the leaders of both armies, that no quarter should be given. The carnage which attended those wars is naturally regarded with horror: and this feeling must be increased by the knowledge, that captivity and death were nearly the same; or different only, as confinement and famine in a dark dungeon are more to be dreaded than death in battle. Though the use of gunpowder had long been known, it does not appear to have been used in this fight. Previous to the action, the great earl of Warwick, fearful of the fidelity of part of his soldiers, stabbed his horse before the whole army; and, kissing the hilt of his

sword reeking with blood, swore to share the fate of his meanest associate: an act admirably calculated, in that martial age, to inspire affectionate confidence and enthusiastic bravery.

We passed through Ferrybridge, where are two of the best inns in England, standing on different sides of the river Air, over which had recently been thrown a noble stone-bridge. At Tadcaster, where the navigation of the Wharfe commences, we turned out of the great north road on the right to Nun-appleton, the seat of the baronet our excellent fellow-traveller. Here was founded, in the reign of king Stephen, a convent of Cistercian nuns. In the evening we walked through his pleasure-grounds, garden and park, where we were much struck with the magnificence and beauty of an oak tree, of immense trunk and widely extended branches.

During our walk in the park, Sir William Milner related an anecdote of his great-

grandfather, a Leeds merchant, which will excite the surprize of commercial men. That gentleman left a paper written by himself, stating the extraordinary fact that in his most extensive trade to Hamburgh, during a period of forty-eight years, he never lost five hundred pounds by bad debts! a paper, breathing likewise so much religious gratitude and public benevolence, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it for the benefit of our readers.

“Recolect and consider, O my soule,  
 “how wonderfully good and gracious God  
 “Allmighty has been to me all my days.  
 “I was born of pious and religious parents,  
 “and haveing had a tolerable degree of  
 “schole learning given me, I was brought  
 “up a Marchant, and had all the advantages both att home and abroad to gaine  
 “a thro’ understanding in bussines and accounts; and having lived about 5 years  
 “beyond sea, I return’d home and immediately fell into good bussines, and finding

“ good succes in itt, I begun (when I was  
 “ about 28 years of Age) to entertaine  
 “ thoughts of marrying, and God was pleas-  
 “ ed to bless me with a very vertuous, discreet  
 “ and good wyfe, in whom I have been  
 “ very happy; and wee have now liveing  
 “ One Son and four Daughters, who have  
 “ all of them been so good and vertuous,  
 “ so dutyfull and obligeing, that I can with  
 “ comfort declare, that I doe not remember  
 “ any one Act done by any one of them  
 “ since their child-hood which gave me  
 “ just cause of an hours anger or displea-  
 “ sure.

“ My Son and two of my Daughters are  
 “ very happily married to persons of good  
 “ Familys, good Estates, and good hu-  
 “ mours, and they all live very plentifully  
 “ and comfortably, and I have six Grand-  
 “ children vizt. 4 Sons and 2 Daughters,  
 “ all healthfull, hopefull, and senceable  
 “ Children, and of my whole stock of Chil-  
 “ dren, and Grand-children, there's not one



“ of them that has any lamenes disfigure  
 “ or blemish upon them, which are bles-  
 “ ings few enjoy.

“ And God has not only made me thus  
 “ happy in my wyfe and children, but also  
 “ in my Estate, for my bussines has been  
 “ very considerable and very succesfull for  
 “ about 48 years, and from no very great  
 “ begining, God has been pleased to bless  
 “ me with a very plentifull Estate, much  
 “ above my former expectations, and  
 “ whereas I have for many years return'd  
 “ 70, L80,000, and upwards a year in way  
 “ of bussines, which has been chiefly with  
 “ Forrigners, I have not in the whole cours  
 “ of my trade lost L500 by them all, which  
 “ is such succes as few ever had.

“ These are such signall blessings as re-  
 “ quire a very particuler return of praises  
 “ and Thanksgiveing to the great Author of  
 “ them, and now O my Soul since God  
 “ has so multiplyed his favours towards

“ me, what shall I render to the Lord for  
 “ all his benefitts.

“ I am resolved to make some small re-  
 “ turn out of the abundance which God  
 “ has entrusted me with, by doeing some-  
 “ thing for his Church and his Poor.

“ To the Church I am resolved to give  
 “ a Rent-charge of Twenty pounds p<sup>r</sup>.  
 “ ann<sup>m</sup>. for ever upon Lands, for reading  
 “ prayers att 6 or 7 a clock every evening in  
 “ the Parrish Church, that the commonally-  
 “ ty may after their days labour have the  
 “ opportunitie of prayers, which they have  
 “ not leizure to attend before the worke of  
 “ the day is over.

“ To the Poor I am resolved to give  
 “ Twenty pounds or more p<sup>r</sup>. ann<sup>m</sup>. for  
 “ ever to be applyed after such manner as  
 “ shall be most adviseable.

“ WILLIAM MILNER.”

Leeds, 23d. Feb. 1736.

## CHAP. 3.

Bishopthorp—Archbishop of York—York—It's general appearance—Cathedral—Assembly-room, All-Hallows' Church—Clifford's Tower—Castle—Skeleton found near the Castle—Extract from bishop Taylor—City-walls—New-walk—Bridge—Mansion-house—Manufactures—York the seat of Roman government—Constantius—Constantine—The metropolis of the Northumbrians—Battle at Stamford-bridge.

NEXT morning, accompanied by Sir William Milner, we proceeded to York, after having been treated with the kindest hospitality, without pride or pomp; in that true spirit of an English gentleman, which produces gratification and inspires respect.

In our short ride from Nun-appleton to York, we observed that the country was very flat, but fertile and well-wooded. Passing through Bishopthorp we noticed

the archbishop of York's palace, situated on the banks of the river Ouse, with its beautiful modern gothic entrance, and were much gratified by hearing from every mouth the excellent character of that very venerable prelate, now nearly ninety years of age. Educated at Westminster (of which illustrious seminary he subsequently became head-master) and entrusted with the tuition of the Prince of Wales, he was successively honoured by his Majesty, in return for his discharge of this arduous and responsible function, with the deanery of Oxford, and the sees of Chester and York; the latter of which he has now filled nearly thirty years with the utmost respectability: and he has lived to behold his very numerous family, male and female, placed by matrimonial connexion and professional success in the highest circles of British society.

About a mile further on our progress towards York we came very near the

**Knavesmire.** The view of this race-course begot a transient recollection, fleeting as the motion itself, of the animals there brought to contend; and sudden as the alternations of transport and despair, to which those scenes give birth.

York, with it's spacious river gliding smoothly through the city, it's picturesque bridge, and beautiful avenue of stately elm-trees on it's eastern bank, it's walls, it's numerous spires, and it's vast cathedral, was not seen 'till we had nearly approached it. But our approach was favourable for a view of it's whole extent, and though time and misfortunes have effaced many traces of it's pristine splendour, yet some remains of it's antiquity and majesty are still visible. Were this cathedral, like that of Lincoln, seated upon an elevation, it would be as far as the eye could reach the most impressive of objects; for it stands in one of the largest vales in Europe, which spreads over a con-

siderable part of Yorkshire, and stretches through Lincolnshire into Norfolk.

The first object of our curiosity was the cathedral, admirable for it's size, style and ornaments, and probably the finest model of gothic architecture in the world. From the interruptions, which took place during the erection of this stupendous edifice, it was two centuries in building, and was finished in 1421; but we found it internally so clean and entire (much to the honour of the clergy, to whom its preservation is entrusted) that it seemed fully restored to it's pristine perfection. Standing under the steeple and looking around us, we were filled with astonishment and rapture, by the union of magnificence and elegance, which so eminently distinguishes this venerable structure. Here the windows, being entirely of painted glass, diffuse over the whole cathedral a soothing "dim religious light," a rich and awful grandeur,

exceeding perhaps the effect of any other place of worship in England. The curious contrivance of the chapter-house, with its airy lightness, its marble stalls, and its alabaster sounding pillars, next claimed our admiration.

While we were here viewing the tombs, those trophies erected by Death to record his triumphs over mortality, we particularly noticed a beautiful figure of Health in her ancient insignia, bending over an urn, and dropping a faded wreath on the ashes of Dr. Dealtry; a gentleman whose professional skill and unwearied benevolence, though it is now more than thirty years since he fell a victim to that King of Terrors, whom he had so often disappointed of his prey, are still the subjects of admiration and of reverence in the north. The celebrated Boerhaave, under whom he studied at Leyden, predicted his future eminence, and when, some years afterwards, he was consulted by a distinguished Eng-

lishman, expressed his surprize, that any one in quest of medical assistance should have left that country, where the acute and learned Dealtry was a practitioner.

The next monument that engaged our attention was an admirable whole length figure (in the Roman civil habit) of the late Sir George Savile, who represented this county in five successive parliaments. Revered for his independent and his public services, beloved for his private virtues, he was abundantly entitled to this honourable monument of the esteem and gratitude of his constituents.

Not far from his remains are deposited those of his friend, the last marquis of Rockingham, whom he attended to the grave. The demise of this nobleman, at the commencement of his popular administration, was justly regarded as a national calamity.

The superiour elegance of the two monumental figures just noticed, when con-



trasted with those which are disguised in the stiff, formal dress of modern days, cannot fail to strike every eye. How destitute of taste must he be who could prefer the tight sleeves and the square skirts, the buttons and the button-holes of an English coat of broad cloth, to the graceful folds and flowing drapery of the Roman toga!

The western door of the cathedral opens into the middle nave of the church, under the highest gothic arch in Europe, which binds and supports the two towers. The eastern front is exceedingly noble, possessing the finest window in the world. The principal entrance from the south is ascended by several flights of steps. The north side, with the exception of the entrance, is the same as the south.

In walking through one of the streets, our eyes dwelt on the picturesque beauties of the octagon tower of All-Hallows' church, which has lately been repaired

with much taste. This steeple has long been esteemed one of the finest of its kind.

The Assembly-room, designed by the earl of Burlington, is esteemed a fine piece of architecture. The great hall, taken from Palladio, is one hundred and twenty-three feet in length, forty in breadth, and rather more in height; and if the banquet-house at Whitehall be excepted, it may claim the preference to any other room in the kingdom.

We next visited the castle, first built by William the Conqueror. On our approach, we admired the elevated artificial situation of the round shell of Clifford's tower, upon a high mount, raised with prodigious labour. On the festival of St. George, in 1684, its magazine took fire and blew up, leaving only the shell as it now stands. When the gates were thrown open, we beheld the noble modern structures on each side of the spacious area, and the chapel and prison in

front: but, however commodious the contrivance or elegant the construction, who can contemplate such buildings erected to restrain the depravity of mankind, without sighing over the miseries which pervade and darken civilized society?

To detail all the anecdotes, told by the keepers of prisons, would be tiresome and disgusting. One related at this place made, however, a deep impression upon us. In clearing away the old walls and rubbish, some time ago, for the construction of the new prison, a skeleton was found with chains on the leg bones: and it was pretty well ascertained, that these were the remains of an unfortunate man, who had "broken prison" upwards of fifty years before, in the night previous to his intended execution, and in the attempt to leap from the top of one high wall to that of another (the outer boundary of the prison) about a yard and a half asunder, had dropped between them; incurring thus, in seeking to avoid public

shame, the more dreadful horrors of famine.

We were told, that the unhappy wretches doomed for execution are, commonly, first afflicted with dreadful convulsive agonies; then, within two or three days, grow calmer; and, lastly, sink into profound sleep.—How admirably is this described by bishop Taylor! “ So have we seen a  
 “ poor condemned criminal, the weight of  
 “ whose sorrows sitting heavily upon his  
 “ soul hath benumbed him into a deep  
 “ sleep, till he hath forgotten his groans,  
 “ and laid aside his deep sighings; but on  
 “ a sudden comes the messenger of death,  
 “ and unbinds the poppy garland, scatters  
 “ the heavy cloud that encircled his miserable head, and makes him return to  
 “ acts of life, that he may quickly descend  
 “ into death and be no more.”

We next walked upon the walls which surround the city, and from this elevation enjoyed an agreeable prospect of the neigh-

bouring country, particularly on the west side, whence we beheld Severus's-hills, erroneously supposed to have been raised by the Roman soldiers in honour of that emperor; and the Ouse, winding it's lengthened way through the level country, with it's eastern bank adorned by the picturesque ruin of St. Mary's abbey, rebuilt in the reign of Henry II. after having been accidentally burnt with the cathedral and other religious houses, together with a well-furnished library. A fence has probably surrounded the city, ever since the time of the Romans; but the period seems approaching, when not a vestige of this will be left remaining. The walls are at present in a most ruinous state; and the rebuilding of them, without answering any useful purpose, would occasion a most grievous expence.

The shady walk (a mile in length) on the banks of the Ouse, which is here in consequence of a lock a great stream, can-

not be traversed without grateful commemoration. The river, in which all the principal waters of the county terminate, is navigable up to York for vessels of a hundred and twenty tons; though it has not yet received it's noblest tributaries, the Wharfe, the Air, the Don, the Derwent, and the Trent. Nor should the middle arch of it's bridge be left unnoticed, as it is thought equal to the Rialto at Venice, being eighty-one feet in the span, and fifty-one in height. We must regret, however, that this fine structure which connects the two parts of the city, intersected by the Ouse, is so steep and narrow as to be dangerous to passengers.

At a splendid entertainment at the Mansion-house, to which we were invited immediately upon our arrival, we met many of the principal inhabitants, whose sprightly and intelligent conversation afforded us considerable amusement: we also enjoyed, what distinguishes good company, a delicate

and light pleasantry, uniting decency with freedom. If good living and much leisure could produce happiness, no people in the world would have more enjoyments than those of York.

This city possessed a woollen manufactory in the reign of Henry the Eighth, at which time Camden supposes it to have been introduced into the county. The inhabitants are, however, accused of want of spirit in discontinuing it; but their not having coal and force of water is, probably the true reason why they are less successful than their neighbours in the west. The trade here is principally carried on in gloves, fustians, livery-lace and books; a glass-house and white-lead works have lately been erected, but the manufactures are not yet sufficiently extensive to affect the price of agricultural produce.

York, having a good theatre and a very respectable company of performers, genteel assemblies, and polished society, has long

been, and is likely to continue, the residence of numbers of families independent of trade, who find it a cheap and agreeable place of retreat.

It is well known that York was the seat of government in this island under the Romans, and that in this city the emperor Severus died. It has been justly observed, says Gibbon, " that the possession of " a throne could never yet afford a lasting satisfaction to an ambitious mind. " He had been all things, as he said " himself, but all was of little value." It is the misfortune of strong faculties, when distracted with cares and oppressed with age and infirmities, to feel the most melancholy depression; and to forget the sprightliness of youth, the fair cheeks and the full eyes of childhood, their early years of careless gayety and vivid hopes; their delightful moments in maturity, of " fulness of heart" and pride of victory; and while, in spirit softened to the lowness of a



child, they are exposing to those around them their weakness by unavailing complaints, they imagine themselves displaying the wisdom of sages.

York is also renowned for being the burial-place of the emperor Constantius; but more for giving the imperial purple to his son Constantine, whose fame has subjected every minute circumstance of his life to investigation. It was impossible that the establisher of the Christian church should not have two characters: and he seems to have merited both. At the commencement of his reign, he was diligent, indefatigable, and attentive to the complaints of his subjects. In the field, he displayed the talents of a consummate general; and for some time, the regular course of his administration and of his private conduct was guided by wisdom and justice. But in his old age he degenerated into a cruel and dissolute monarch, corrupt in his morals and oppressive to his subjects.

This city was likewise the metropolis of the great kingdom of Northumbria, and suffered dreadful devastations from the Danes, the Normans, and the Scots. Before the burning of it by that pitiless destroyer, William the Conqueror, authors scruple not to compare it with Rome. In importance, it has long been regarded as the second or third city in England. About the middle of the sixteenth century, complaints were made of it's decay, and an ecclesiastical historian attributes it to the dissolution of monasteries.

Down the Ouse, within about eight miles of the city of York, landed from five hundred ships the army of the king of Norway, with Tosti, brother of Harold; and at Fulford they defeated Morcar, the governor of the city, and Edwin earl of Mercia. They afterwards took possession of York; but on the approach of Harold, they withdrew to Stamford-bridge, about six miles distant on the banks of the Derwent: there however,

though they had judiciously entrenched themselves with the river in their front, the Saxon prince determined to attack them. The passage over a narrow wooden bridge was effected, after having been disputed for three hours by a single Norwegian, who killed forty men with his own hand; Harold then attacked the enemy in their entrenchments, and after a severe conflict put them entirely to the rout. But this was a dear-bought victory; for to it may be indubitably attributed the loss of the battle of Hastings. Harold's refusal of plunder to his troops, as well as the fall of many of his best soldiers, caused a great diminution of his forces; while the fatigue of a forced march into Sussex, and the time allowed to the Normans to recruit themselves after the sickness of their voyage, but too certainly secured the success of a prince who taught the English by bitter experience the miseries infallibly attendant on subjugation.



## CHAP. 4.

Departure from York—Battle of Marston-moor—Knaresborough—Harrogate—Ripley—Ripon—Winifred's-needle—Studley-park—Fountain's-abbey—John Knox—Robin Hood—Hackfall—Wensley-dale—Masham—Bolton-castle—Mary queen of Scots—Darlington.

ON Sunday morning, after attending divine service at the cathedral, having taken leave, not without regret, of our York friends, we passed through the southern entrance of the city, Micklegate-bar, one of the finest in the kingdom; a noble Roman arch, which supports a massy pile of gothic turrets in high preservation. The opening of this venerable and magnificent structure is too narrow to give admittance to the enormous London waggons, which must be unladen before they can pass through it; the ancient in-

habitants, chiefly occupied by warfare, little suspected, when those edifices were built, that they would be considered as nuisances to the traffic of their more peaceable and industrious successors.

Not far from the city, we traversed Marston-moor; where, for the first time after the interval of a century, fifty thousand men were led to mutual slaughter. Here Charles the First, after an obstinate dispute and double conflict for victory, received a blow which may be regarded as the forerunner of his destruction, and the precursor of Cromwell's "crowning mercy." The graves, in which the slain were buried, are still observable upon a moor near Wilstrop-wood.

On our way to Harrogate, we passed through Knaresborough, which has a considerable corn-market and manufactory of sheeting. The view, from the bridge over the river Nidd, of part of this town standing upon its precipitous rocks, the castle

in ruins, and the elevated church, struck us as singularly picturesque.

We stopped long enough to see Upper and Lower Harrogate, and to smell the water; for to taste it, as far as we could judge from the report of our nostrils, would have been to pay too dearly for the gratification of our curiosity. These villages, though the resort of very fashionable company in the summer season, are far from being pleasantly situated, the country contiguous to them, except towards York, exhibiting generally a bleak inhospitable appearance.

In the evening, travelling along a most beautiful wooded country, and passing through Ripley (in the neighbourhood of which quantities of linen made of bleached yarn are manufactured) we reached Ripon. This town, situated on the Ure, and pleasantly raised above the neighbouring country, was founded during the Saxon heptarchy, and has a collegiate church. It

was plundered in the year 1318 by the Scots, who received a thousand marks to spare it from the flames.

It was formerly so eminent for it's spur-manufactory, that it was proverbially said, of a man of trust and fidelity—" He is " as true steel as Ripon spurs." In the fifteenth century, it had a considerable woollen manufactory, which was removed to Halifax.

In ancient times there was a narrow hole in a close vaulted room under ground, called Winifred's Needle, in which female chastity was tried; the conceit was, that those women only were chaste, who could pass through the needle.

Next morning, before breakfast, we visited Studley-park and Fountain's-abbey. The gravel walks, stately trees, and pure water, with melodious birds and playful bounding deer, seen under the inspiring rays of a bright morning's sun, and the extensive ruins and massive tower of the abbey,



standing in a delicious valley at the termination of the scenery, filled us with the most lively pleasure. It is impossible to be offended with the want of taste betrayed in these delightful scenes; undoubtedly a simple unadorned display of them would have been much better, but their natural beauties infinitely preponderate over all the artificial blemishes with which they are encumbered.

Fountain's-abbey, the glory of Studley, was founded by archbishop Thurston, who seems to have thought a rebus the best mode of transmitting his name to posterity; for we find cut in stone, in the centre of the tower, the figure of a *thrush* perched on a *ton*. This, oddly enough, brought to our recollection the pious advice of the impetuous Knox to the fanatic despoilers of abbey-churches, "Down with the nests and the rooks will fly off." Though by the word, nests, were certainly meant cathedrals, yet the habitations of

the monks seem to have been more carefully destroyed; for these were every where swept away, while the monasteries themselves were generally spared, shielded perhaps by their own strength from the pious fury of their assailant, as well as by those "compunctious visitings" of that second nature, habit, which made him turn aside his sacrilegious axe from the place of worship of his youth.

But, while we rejoice at the emancipation of our church from popery, we must deeply lament in this war against science, the wanton and barbarous destruction of the libraries belonging to the religious houses. Our admiration of the learning of a few extraordinary men, prior to the reign of Henry the Eighth, would probably have been greatly diminished, if those monuments of antiquity had still been permitted to remain.

"The magnitude of our gothic edifices, and the excellence of their workmanship, create

a much greater respect for the age in which they were erected, than our historical annals seem to justify. Though they be but humble efforts, compared with the simple and elegant grandeur displayed in the glorious ruins of the Grecian temples, yet must the greatest lover of the ancient arts allow them to be highly respectable.

Near this ruin was pointed out to us, what is still called Robin Hood's Wood, in which this famous robber (as described in an ancient popular ballad) had his long fight,

‘ From ten o’th’clock that very day

‘ Till four i’th’afternoon,’

with the friar of Fountain’s-abbey. We doubted whether we should have felt as much pleasure, had we been shown the secure retreat of the founder of those two glories of England, her jurisprudence and her navy, as we derived from the sight of this supposed scene of a petty combat between a sturdy monk and a lawless ruffian :

for sweet and vivid is the recollection of early impressions; the ideas of youth are received without alloy, and their reproduction partakes of their original simplicity.

We returned to Ripon, breakfasted, and proceeded to Hackfall. On our entrance into this valley, which is more than a mile in length, we had the small river Ure on our right. As we gladly precipitated ourselves into the thick green shade, the water gurgling among stony shallows, and augmented in it's progress by streamlets falling down the sides of the dale, enhanced by it's music the deep impression of the scene. Here, on sites happily chosen, are placed buildings with appropriate names, for rest, for shade, and for shelter, but more especially for ornament. From nearly all these are seen, through the trees, an artificial ruin hanging over the glen, called Mowbray-castle; and likewise a high perpendicular crag, whose base is washed by the river, at the extremity of the fenced scenery, called

Ravenscar. From the openness of the ground round the Rustic Temple, situated in the thickest part of the wood, a very agreeable effect is produced.

On our return, pursuing a winding path, we gained the heights, whence we once or twice stole through the envious trees a peep at Masham, and its fine spire. From Mowbray-point, elevated far above the surrounding objects, and most happily chosen for the display of the diversified scenery of the place, we looked down upon the whole glen, the river, the crag, and the castle; and over extensive cultivated plains in the counties of York and Durham, spotted with true rustic ornaments, cottages and cattle, and terminated by that vast ridge of hills which Camden calls "the Appenines of England."

Here we were pressed to partake of cold provisions, which had been brought by a party from Harrogate. We liked the

hospitable freedom of our inviters, sat down without much entreaty, and sent for a basket of fruit out of our chaise. The enjoyment was not confined to our repast; we were delighted with the lofty station where we dined, and with the landscape spread below; we seemed like gods, banqueting on a resting cloud.

From Hackfall we entered into Wensleydale, the largest and most beautiful valley in the county. Through it the river Ure, which adds so much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery we had just left, takes its serpentine and fertilizing course.

The industrious inhabitants of this and the adjoining dales have long rendered themselves conspicuous for their expertness in knitting stockings; but, since the spinning of worsted by machinery has been introduced, knitting has declined, and will probably soon be entirely laid aside.

At Masham, a neat town, is a cotton and

a worsted mill ; and in the neighbourhood a small manufacture of shags and shalloons.

A few miles from Masham, on our left, stands Bolton-castle, with it's large square corner-towers, chiefly celebrated as having been the first prison of the wretched Mary queen of Scots. The recollection of her misfortunes, her long and melancholy captivity, and her untimely death, impressed us with sorrow ; her beauty and her accomplishments softened us into sympathy ; the violence of her passions, her indiscretions, and her crimes excited our pity : had she been united to a man of sense and firmness, and governed a refined and tolerating people, Mary would have lived beloved and happy.

Leaving Richmond on our left, we proceeded over Catterick-bridge (where the Roman road may still be traced) through Darlington, a town situated on the Skern, upon a sloping bank. Here are manu-

factories of woollens and huckabacks, and an iron-foundry; on the river stand several corn-mills, a fulling-mill, one for grinding optical glasses, and three employed in spinning linen-yarn.

Near Darlington we entered the county of Durham, which abounds with hills, almost universally covered with verdure to their very summits. Many of them contain lead and iron ores, coals, limestone, freestone, marble, &c.

In the evening we reached Rushy-Ford, where we slept. Here we were first saluted with the Northumbrian dialect, more harsh in it's tones, and more offensive from it's gutturals, than any in the United Kingdom.



## CHAP. 5.

Durham—It's beautiful situation—Cathedral—Venerable Bede—Victory over David Bruce—Bishop-Wearmouth—Dr. Paley—Reflections arising from his “Natural Theology”—Sunderland—It's iron Bridge, and flourishing condition—Gateshead—Newcastle.

NEXT morning early we arrived at Durham; the external appearance from the south, the houses rising on the sides of a lofty hill, and the cathedral and castle “standing proudly eminent” on it's top, struck us as singularly beautiful.

We sent our chaise forward to the inn, and crossing a church-yard at the entrance of the city enjoyed the winding embowered walks on the banks of the Wear, which are beautifully varied with wood, water, rock, and artificial objects, and present the view of two handsome bridges. After

breakfast we visited the cathedral, the outside of which has lately been cased with stone, without regard to its original gothic construction. This has much diminished its picturesque appearance. Its internal architecture is very clumsy, heightened by its vast cylindrical pillars. It afforded little pleasure to minds recently impressed with the incomparable glories of that of York; while the streets, from their darkness, narrowness, and sometimes dangerous declivities, the irregularity of the houses, and the paucity of the inhabitants, produced in us a regret that it possessed not more wealth and bustle. This city has been aptly likened to a crab, the market-place resembling the body, and the streets running down the declivities of the hill upon which it stands; the hanging claws of that shell-fish.

In the cathedral are deposited the remains of the Venerable Bede, who was born A.D. 702, and who from his ecclesiastical writings is justly considered as the founder of

that species of history. His life seems to have entitled him to the character of having “ possessed the rare association of learning with modesty, of devotion with liberality, and of high reputation in the church with voluntary and honourable poverty.” He was universally admired, consulted, and esteemed, while living; and his extensive learning, and incredible application, in a barbarous age, have caused him to be regarded since his death as a phenomenon in letters.

The bones likewise of St. Cuthbert, patron of the cathedral, were here deposited. The adoration of these precious relics was calculated, in unenlightened times, to allay the fierceness of human passions; and to this species of piety must be attributed the fine arts of those rude periods, and all those splendid edifices which are so justly the objects of our admiration. The miracles said to be wrought at the shrine of this saint (once the richest in Great Britain)

attracted to it devotees of all ranks, whose offerings encreased the wealth of the church almost beyond belief.

On the north side near the city stood Nevil's-cross, erected in commemoration of the signal victory gained in 1346 over David Bruce, king of Scotland, who with fifty thousand men had extended his ravages to the gates of Durham. An English army of not more than one fourth of that number, commanded by earl Percy, chased the Scots off the field, slew fifteen thousand of them, and took their king who had displayed great valour, with many of his principal nobility prisoners.

From Durham, the wealth and spirit of which seem to have been swallowed up by the power, as it's existence seems to be sustained by the revenue of the church, we passed through the beautiful village of Houghton-le-Spring, and the well-built town of Bishop-Wearmouth, to Sunderland.

At Bishop-Wearmouth we recollected that here usually resides Dr. Paley, whose useful works have justly rendered him the admiration of his enlightened countrymen. The recollection of his "Natural Theology," in which he chiefly exhibits the animal functions as proofs of the wise regulations of the Deity, produced a train of reflections, the natural conclusion of which is, that the hand of God is but little less obvious, and assuredly much more wonderful in his operations upon the human will and understanding, than in those which affect the grosser objects of the senses. A parent, in the midst of the most violent animosities against real or supposed enemies, is still actuated by an invariable fondness for her child. How manifestly does this exhibit an overruling Providence, who thus through the mother fosters the offspring, and perpetuates the kind!

Even under the impulse of fear, which produces a deep depression and numbness,

the mind, where there is a possibility of escape, re-acts with wonderful energy; abject depression is changed into violent agitations, collected force takes place of feebleness, and tremendous exertions succeed to a state of torpour and immobility. How conspicuous the powerful impulse, implanted in man by his Creator, for the preservation of the individual !

When our friend or companion is placed in a situation, out of which it is impossible for him to extricate himself, and which demands our aid, sympathy is infused into us : impelled by this irresistible emotion, we plunge into the ocean, and brave the billows, or rush into the midst of flames regardless of their horrors, to snatch a victim from destruction !

The first instance exhibits the mother ordained to protect her child ; the second, the individual, impelled to protect himself ; and the third, man in society, incited by sympathy to protect the species. How emi-

nently obvious are these proofs of divine protection! How clearly do they display the emanations of infinite wisdom, flowing from the source of infinite benevolence!

This transient view of a most engaging subject induced us to believe that, were it to become the object of a treatise from the same able pen, it could not but be highly interesting and instructive.

Sunderland, situated on a point of land formed by the river Wear, was scarcely known in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Our sole motive for visiting the town was curiosity to behold the celebrated iron bridge, a structure, remarkable for its height, its lightness, and the width of its span. Its loftiness in particular is such that, seen from the middle of the river, it appears like a bow in the heavens. The trade and commerce of Sunderland, the fruits of which are displayed in a well-built spacious street, diffused over us a degree

of liveliness the more impressively felt, as immediately succeeding the stagnation induced by a view of the county-town.

The flourishing condition of Sunderland arises principally from it's trade in coals; but there are glass-works, salt-pans, lime-kilns, and copperas works, with potteries in it's neighbourhood: and all these products, being liable to no impediment in navigation (as on the Tyne) after they are shipped must continue to augment it's commerce.

We passed from the county of Durham through Gateshead, into that of Northumberland, over an excellent modern bridge across the Tyne. On the north bank of that river, and eight miles from it's mouth, stands Newcastle. Here we observed a greater display of ships, than we had noticed since our departure from the Thames. This quay is the largest in England, except that of Yarmouth; but ships of considerable tonnage, and coal-barges, come no higher than Shields.



The dreadful flood which swept away the former bridge will long be remembered, for with it fell twenty-two houses: and the shrieks of the devoted inmates of one of them, which was for a time suspended over the water, were heard without a possibility of extricating them from certain destruction.

Newcastle was called Monkchester, till the reign of William the Conqueror: at that period, the castle now remaining was built, and the name of the town in consequence changed to Newcastle. The security afforded to the wretched borderers by living under the protection of a fortress, increased the population of this place.

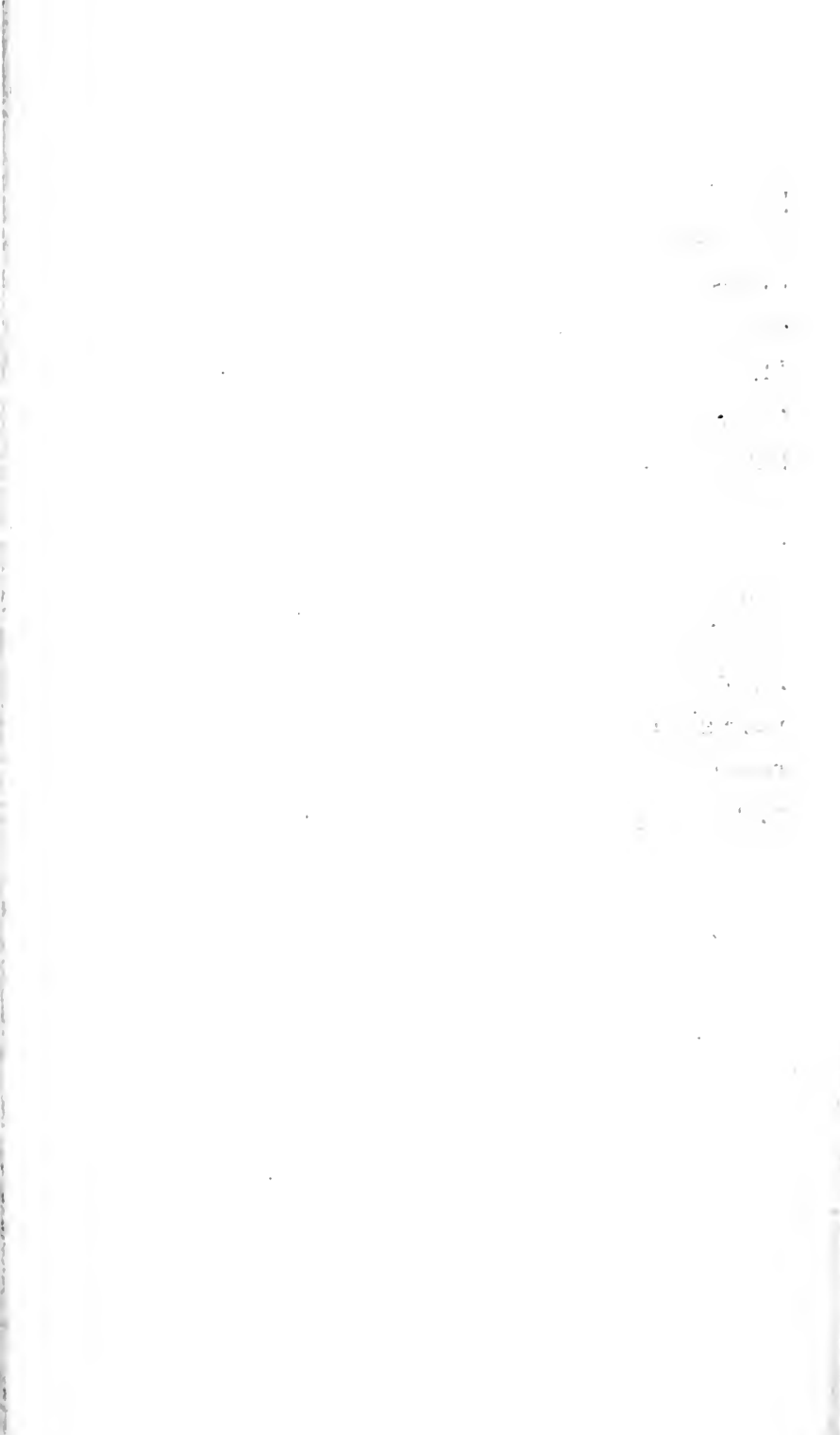
Coal-mines are the chief fountain of wealth to Newcastle and its neighbourhood; but here also are extensive manufactories of glass of every kind. Salt is made in large quantities at the mouth of the Tyne. Grey-stone is found in the neighbourhood, of which are made mill-stones, exported to most parts of the habi-

table globe; also quarries of what is called fire-stone, immense quantities of which are sent into other countries to be used in ovens, furnaces, &c.

It will never be forgotten, that in this town the Scots delivered up their sovereign, Charles the First, to obtain the arrears of 400,000*l.* due to them. We felt indignant at the wicked disregard of consequences, displayed by the managers of this infamous treaty; who thereby have entailed a lasting disgrace upon the Scottish name. At the assizes here, in 1743 (it may deserve to be recorded) appeared two men from a neighbouring village as witnesses, one 135 years of age, and his son aged 95, both healthy and both retaining their hearing and their sight.

The first mention of coal in England, as traced by Mr. Hume, occurs in a charter obtained by the inhabitants of Newcastle from Henry III., in 1234, to dig for this excellent fuel: but it appears that it was ex-

ported to foreign countries, long before it was used in the capital. The English woods were then so numerous, as to render coal unnecessary. In the reign of Henry II. a large forest surrounded London, affording shelter to deer, boars, wolves, and bulls; and, for more than a century afterwards, woods were cut down merely to extend the tillage and pasturage of the kingdom. Large tracts of land were granted even in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, on condition that those to whom they were given should clear the ground, so that passengers might travel along the roads unmolested by robbers and wild beasts.



## CHAP. 6.

The famous Picts' Wall—Morpeth—King John—Alnwick—Duke of Northumberland—Alnwick-castle—Berwick—Ungential climate — Peasebridge — Cockburn's-path—Dunbar—It's castle—Defended by Black Agnes—Battle of Dunbar—Battle of Pinkey—Haddington—Musselburgh.

IT is well known that from Newcastle to Carlisle, across the island (a distance of eighty miles) was built the famous Picts' Wall, with twenty-five castles. It was first erected by the Roman emperor Hadrian in A.D. 121, then by Severus, and lastly by Ætius, the Roman general. During the rebellions in 1715 and 1745, a project was conceived of repairing a way upon the foundations of this wall, from the eastern to the western sea, to forward troops and artillery; and, though the speedy termination of both

these insurrections rendered the measure unnecessary, yet was the whole line examined for the purpose. Almost every day, remains of cities, castles, camps, and military antiquities were found, which had been till then unknown. Two separate lines, it was observed, had crossed from the German to the Irish Sea, beginning about three miles east of Newcastle, and ending about two miles west of Carlisle. The wall of Adrian was of turf, that of Severus of stone; the former eight feet thick and twelve in height, the latter measured only seven feet in thickness. In some places these walls cannot be now traced without difficulty, but in others their height and breadth are still considerable.

We dined at Newcastle, and allowing ourselves barely time to see a few of the principal streets, which, in the upper part of the town, are very good, passed on to Morpeth, where we slept. This neat town is not visible from the south, 'till the tra-

veller has advanced along a winding road through a thicket on the side of a hill, after which the whole, with the river Wansbeck sweeping round it amongst well-wooded banks, lies close under his view.

We may conceive the abhorrence in which king John was held by his subjects, from the circumstance that the inhabitants of Morpeth, in 1215, burned their town out of mere hatred to him, lest it should afford him shelter.

The unpleasant sensation arising from the squalid and smoky appearance of the soil through the coal-country, and the slovenly tillage conspicuous on every side, was relieved as we approached Morpeth; but though the cultivation be here admirable, the ungenial nature of the climate, aggravated by the bleak winds from the German Ocean, stunts the vegetable produce.

Next morning, at Alnwick, we found the yeomanry in arms and horsed, to meet and escort their noble commander,

on his return from the capital to his venerable castle at that place. The sound of the bugle awakened martial ardour. The recollection that three hundred and fifty thousand gallant men had sprung out of the bosom of society, to defend the inhabitants of their country, without the impulse of constraint or the wish for remuneration, was a source of triumphant feeling; and we plumed ourselves on living in this age of reviving chivalry, the compatriots of such a race of heroes.

We were delighted to witness the alacrity with which these volunteers set off to display their respectful attachment to a nobleman, whose excellence of heart, independence of mind, and princely magnificence; render him one of the most illustrious personages in Great Britain.

——“*Salve Getulice, seu tu  
“Silanus quocunque alio de sanguine, rarus  
“Civis et egregius.*”——



Well indeed might he be pronounced, with  
a former Percy,

“ The theme of Honour’s tongue,  
“ Amongst a grove the very stateliest plant,  
“ Who is sweet Fortune’s minion and her pride:”

Alnwick-castle is said to have cost two hundred thousand pounds, and we found it truly noble in it’s appearance. The figures of stone, however, representing combatants, on the tops of the turrets, struck us as fantastic without being ornamental. The rooms are elegant and commodious; but the country, viewed from the windows, appears little cultivated or clothed with wood.

From Morpeth to Berwick we thought good houses were less numerous, and the soil less fruitful, than in the earlier part of our journey. From Berwick to the Press-inn, the face of the country a little improves; but upon leaving the latter place we appeared to be bidding adieu to gentlemen’s houses, to woodlands, and cultivated

soil; and apprehended, that Churchill's description of Scotland was about to be verified:

“ Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,  
“ Earth clad in russet scorn'd the lively green.”

We were soon, however, agreeably disappointed; for we presently came into finely tilled lands, which we enjoyed almost the whole way along the coast to Edinburgh.

At Berwick, bare legs first made their appearance; the children in general being without shoes and stockings, and many of the women without the former article of dress. Our southern military friends stationed here observed, that in this region they enjoyed a few days hot weather, and had all the rest of the year to endure winter; indeed the general appearance of the place was such, that we agreed it was better to eat Berwick salmon and eggs in London, than amongst the inhabitants of their native borough.

The careless reader may refer this obser-

vation to momentary dissatisfaction: yet it is most true, that here the weather is usually very severe. Considerable falls of snow take place in winter; cold easterly winds prevail during the spring; these are succeeded in summer and autumn by alternations of easterly and westerly breezes, which are soon followed by heavy rains, and winds so furious as to destroy the crops remaining unhoused.

In this town there are some newly erected, but not extensive, manufactories; and in the neighbourhood, linen of a very excellent quality is made for the merchants of Edinburgh. The chief trade of it's inhabitants consists in the salmon-fishery, which has been much extended by the improvement of sending the fish to London packed in ice, and by constructing their vessels to sail so swiftly as sometimes even to outstrip the mail-coach.

On our arrival at Pease-bridge, we looked down from it's iron railing into the terrific

abyss below; we then walked to the north end of the bridge, and crept amongst the trees and brushwood by the side, as far as we could with safety approach the precipice, to view this extraordinary structure. Two buttresses rise out of the rivulet to support the middle arch, each about 136 feet high. The name Peath, or Pease-bridge, is said to be derived from a path or track running obliquely down a precipitous bank; which, prior to the building of the bridge, was the only possible method of crossing this celebrated ravine. About two miles farther, we crossed a similar but somewhat lower bridge over a deep glen, of one arch, called Cockburn's-path. For such situations iron-bridges must be both the cheapest, and the best.

We slept at a very indifferent inn at Dunbar, which has a pretty good harbour and some little foreign trade. The whale-fishery, which was long carried on here without much success, is now discontinued.

A considerable quantity of herrings are cured in the season; but the chief exportation is corn and malt, the produce of the adjacent fields. Lord Lauderdale has a large mansion in this town, the inside of which we did not see; and indeed the little regard here paid to external ornament, or even neatness, prevented our curiosity from being excited.

Dunbar is situated at the mouth of the river Forth, on the south side, towards the German Ocean. Across the haven appear the ruins of a castle, standing on a reef of rock projecting into the sea, and almost at flood-tide covered with the waves.

This castle is of great strength and antiquity, being mentioned so early as A.D. 858: it was the seat of the earls of March, afterwards earls of Dunbar; and was bravely defended for nineteen weeks, in 1337-8, by Black Agnes (so called from the darkness of her complexion) the coun-

tess of March, during the absence of her husband. She performed all the duties of a bold and vigilant commander; animated the garrison by her exhortations, her munificence, and her example; and eventually compelled her besieger, the earl of Salisbury, to withdraw his troops and agree to a cessation of hostilities, after having narrowly escaped being taken prisoner. Hither, after the murder of Rizzio, the unfortunate Mary retired.

On the heights of Lammer-Muir (the termination of a chain of mountains running nearly through Berwickshire) which overlook this town, was fought the famous battle between Cromwell and David Leslie, an élève of Gustavus Adolphus, which was lost wholly to the king's cause by the madness of the Scottish ecclesiastics. Cromwell seems never to have been involved in such imminent danger, as by the experienced general here opposed to him; but Leslie was constrained by these "wrestlers

with the Lord," in spite of his remonstrances, to descend into the plain, because they fancied the English republican was delivered into their hands: "These false prophets gave the troops assurance of victory, and many of them fell in the fight with the lying spirit in their mouths." The event deserves commemoration, because it strikingly shows that not even the fervour of enthusiasm can, in military transactions, supply the place of discipline and experience. Near this town was also defeated the army of Baliol, king of Scotland, in 1296, when many of the Scottish nobility were taken prisoners, whom Edward I. most cruelly put to death.

We passed through North-Berwick and Haddington, two small towns; the first having a harbour, from which corn is shipped; the latter, a woollen manufactory, which flourished for almost two centuries, but may now be said to have ceased.

At Musselburgh was fought, in the reign of Edward VI. the battle of Pinkie, in consequence of the Scots' refusing to bind themselves not to contract their infant queen (Mary) to any foreign prince, or to keep her at home till she attained the age of choosing a husband for herself. In this battle, or rather massacre, not two hundred of the English fell, while upwards of ten thousand of their foes perished. From Musselburgh to Edinburgh, five miles, (horrible reflection!) the whole ground was strewed with dead bodies. The very soldiers were, afterwards, ashamed of the carnage; three thousand ecclesiastics who composed a separate body, were massacred without mercy. This town is situated on the south shore of the Forth. It had for two hundred years a manufactory of fine woollen cloth, and one of stuffs to a considerable amount: but the Yorkshire clothiers have ruined the former; and the cotton manufactories, now so universally pre-



valent, have as completely superseded the latter.

Haddington, at present most wretched in it's appearance, was once tolerably prosperous. It gave birth to the famous reformer John Knox.



## CHAP. 7.

Approach to Edinburgh—Laborious occupations of the women, and indolence of the men—Houses of the poor—Cultivation of the soil—Leith—It's trade, &c.—Edinburgh—The castle—Holyrood-house—Parliament-house—Library—College—Heriot's-hospital—Theatre—Young Roscius.

As we approached Edinburgh, the women, we observed, were more generally without shoes and stockings. It cannot but be obvious to every Englishman, that the inferiour Scotch women undergo (we make the remark with sorrow) much severer toil, than females of the same condition in England. Here that ascendancy, which amongst refined nations the delicacy of the sex generally acquires from the gallantry of civilization, is totally disregarded. From their muscular exertions, their constant ex-

posure to the weather, and probably their living chiefly on fish and oaten bread, the lower classes of that sex in Scotland are universally short and brawny, with arid skins and tarnished complexion, without “lily tincture on the face,” or any pretensions to beauty. Now and then we saw old women in long dirty cloaks, with hoods over their heads, a dress calculated not indeed to set off, but to conceal the wrinkles of age.

The men seem fully to exercise that authority, which their superiour strength bestows. The females we saw constantly bustling about their habitations, or carrying immense loads of fish: their lords often sauntering about, and never without shoes and stockings. This practice, probably originated amongst the ancient Germans; as with them “the care of the house and family, the management of the land and cattle, were delegated to the old and infirm, to women and slaves.”

As we passed through the towns and villages, we looked down into the houses of the poor, which are generally a foot below the surface of the ground upon which they are erected. On the floor is an accumulation of damp dirt, apparently co-eval with the building, and so thick as to render it impossible, without a spade, to discover whether or not there be any artificial bottom beneath. They put us in mind of Erasmus's description of the squalid habits of the people of his time in England. "The floors," says he, "are commonly of clay, strewed with rushes; under which lies unmolested an ancient collection of beer, grease, fragments, bones, spittle, excrements of dogs and cats, and every thing that is nasty."

If the Scots, however, are inattentive to the cleanliness of their houses and the neatness of their persons, it must be admitted that they are not slovenly in their fields. Whenever we beheld these, we

observed them to be carefully cleared of weeds, and well cultivated, close to the very fences. This excellent husbandry with the example of their more refined neighbours, must eventually (and, it is to be hoped, not remotely) give them better food, fuller clothing, and cleaner houses.

We passed through Leith, the port of Edinburgh. It possesses some good modern houses of stone; though the town in general, as usual with sea-ports, is very dirty. It has also a fine pier. On the sands, at low-water, races are annually run. They took place whilst we were there, but seemed not to excite much interest: the fore legs of one of the running horses were broken by sinking into the sands.

The foreign trade of Leith is considerable, and has been lately much increased, particularly that with Russia and with Oporto. Many ships are employed in the Greenland whale-fishery, and a great herring-fishery is carried on in the Firth of

Forth. It's glass-houses also, it's iron-forges, and it's rope-yards deserve the attention of strangers. The Scottish commerce and manufactures in general are much increased by the facility, with which merchandize of every description is now sent to London.

On Thursday noon we arrived at the capital of Scotland, seated upon it's three hills, at the distance of two miles from the southern shore of the Firth of Forth. On our approach from Leith, as we viewed on each side of the road the many elegant new stone-houses, the broad expanse of water on our right, Salisbury-crags and Arthur's-seat on our left, Holyrood-house, Calton-hill with it's observatory, Hume's monument, the new and old towns, and the castle towering upon a lofty precipitous rock, screened by the Pentland and Corstorphine-hills spread before,—we were struck with a succession of scenery the most singular and romantic imaginable,

filling the mind with the sublime impression of the peculiarity, the vastness, and the grandeur of the city.

The castle existed long before the town. The Caledonians settled under it for safety in those ages, when personal security was one of the chief cares of life. To this circumstance may be attributed the unwholesome practice of so many families living under one roof; but now, that the necessity no longer exists, the city of Edinburgh (like that of London) forms but the smallest part of the metropolis.

Edinburgh seems not to have flourished, until the year 1436: from this time the importance of Perth, which before had been the capital, began to diminish. But the great improvements, which have rendered the former so pre-eminent, commenced only in 1753; and the building of the new town did not begin till 1767. Since this date few places in Europe have experienced so rapid a growth in opulence and general improvement.



We saw Holyrood-house with it's gallery of fifty yards in length, and ten in breadth, containing the supposed portraits of all the Scottish kings, not fewer than one hundred and eleven in number! We saw likewise the stain upon the floor, alleged to have been made by the blood of Rizzio. This outrage towards Mary, for he was stabbed in her presence without regard either to her honour or her person, seems to have rendered her totally regardless of her future fame; and to have been the forerunner of her shameless public and private conduct, and of the unjust assumption of power exercised by Elizabeth in putting her to death.

We visited the parliament-house, and were much interested by the sight of the library, said to be one of the most valuable of any in the United Kingdom. On our entrance, we felt a reverence for the literary remains of so many wise and great men, and regarded this as one of the "shrines where all the relics of the ancient

“ saints, full of true wisdom, are preserved  
“ and reposed.” We were deeply impress-  
ed with the belief that one of the best lega-  
cies, which man can bequeath to posterity, is  
a book enlivened with innocent merriment,  
or stored with information of solid and ex-  
tensive utility.

We could not contemplate this noble  
library, without reflecting upon what learn-  
ing had done for Scotland within the last  
thirty years. Trace her back to the days  
of Buchanan, and she will be found dis-  
tinguished amongst the learned nations;  
but a long interval of comparative obscuri-  
ty ensued, before she revived her claims  
to national fame, which are now incon-  
testible. What an age of philosophy, criti-  
cism, history, do we discover in the con-  
temporary works of Hume and Robertson,  
of Reid, Beattie, Gregory, Gerard, Camp-  
bell, Fergusson, Smith, Stuart, Kaimes,  
Dalrymple (lord Hailes), Blair, Henry,  
Watson, and Millar! Who would not be

inclined to adopt the compliment paid by Lord Orford in his “Royal and Noble Authors” to the literature of Scotland, at a time when few of the above names had appeared. “I am not enough versed,” says that courtly writer, “in them (the Scottish authors) to do justice to writers of the most accomplished nation in Europe: the nation to which, if any one country is endowed with a superiour partition of sense, I should be inclined to give the preference in that particular.”

The progress of the medical school of Edinburgh has undoubtedly contributed much to the fame of Caledonian literature. It commenced from small beginnings in the early part of last century, before which time medical education was usually completed at Leyden. A splendid list of eminent names might be produced in honour of this school; but it is sufficient praise that it was long conducted by a Cullen, a Monro, a Gregory, and a Black; and that it has sent

forth physicians and surgeons who have diffused the credit of it's name over the southern part of the island, as well as through many parts of the distant world. The range of instruction has indeed been so extensive, that the professors may adopt the language of the poet,

“ *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*”

This library possesses, jointly with the university-libraries, the privilege of receiving a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall; but as copy-right is secured by common law, and as the union with Ireland has rendered it necessary to increase the number of copies presented by the publisher to eleven, few proprietors of valuable works choose to incur the expence; and hence this privilege is daily becoming of less importance. If the heads of each university were to order payment of one half of the retail price, upon all books of the value of five shillings and upward, these desirable

depositories of books would most probably continue to be augmented by numerous accessions.

We were grieved to see the new college in the imperfect state in which it now appears, and more so to learn that it is not likely ever to be finished. It is to be wished, that parliament would grant assistance toward the completion of a structure which would be the most splendid building probably of it's kind, that ever existed in any age or nation.

In our hasty ramble through this interesting city we noticed at it's south-western extremity Heriot's hospital, standing pleasantly on a rising ground, and commanding a most agreeable sylvan scene. The building itself however has a very formal appearance, with round turrets at each corner, which projecting considerably produce an aukward and heavy effect. The sculpture is excellent, and the execution appeared far to exceed the design.

In our walk to this hospital, we had on the right a near view of the stupendous rock upon which the castle is built. Who can behold, without regret, the want of uniformity in the additions, which the old castle has lately received? Its picturesque beauty indeed is so much injured by them, that we could not help wishing the first wind which blew might sweep them away.

In the new town the register-office, a building admirably calculated for the preservation of the public records, the excise-office, St. Andrew's church, and the new bridge (the arch of which is ninety-five feet high) were, we thought, the only public edifices deserving of particular notice. This bridge over the north-loch (once filled with water, but now drained) and an immense mound formed of the earth dug up for the foundation of the houses, at convenient distances, connect old and new Edinburgh. The latter being entirely constructed of

excellent white stone, and agreeably to modern rules of symmetry and convenience, for uniformity, elegance, and taste is hardly to be paralleled. The former, from its lofty situation, would naturally be one of the sweetest places in the world, but alas! no good is unmixed : houses literally heaped one upon another, water scantily supplied, and people not much habituated to cleanliness render it, while it delights the eye, most powerfully offensive to the nostrils of strangers. As things are, it is certainly not “one of the sweetest places in the world.”

One difference strikingly distinguishing this capital from London is, that here we do not observe in the streets a single female, who “buys this day’s meal with the price of last night’s sin.”

On our return from a walk towards Queen’s-ferry, we enjoyed a most beautiful and sublime view of Edinburgh and the surrounding hills.

Though the time employed at Edinburgh was greater than in any other point of our ramble, we were yet so much occupied with business, as to have little opportunity for gratifying curiosity, or enjoying amusements. One night, however, we visited the theatre (which we found spacious and elegantly fitted up) and saw "Young Roscius," a boy said to be but thirteen years of age, though he appears on the stage to be full sixteen (1804). If indeed his reputed be his real age, he may certainly be regarded as a phænomenon, as well from his powerful action, as from his commanding articulation, his just apprehension of character, and the perfect recollection and delivery of his part. That, in which he then appeared, was the very arduous one of Richard the Third; and the artful villain, the insinuating lover, and the undaunted hero, were in their turns admirably portrayed. What surprised us most was, that we could not observe in



him any thing like the copying of any of our great actors.

Anxious for the continued and permanent success of this boy, we could not avoid feeling apprehensive that his talents, being prematurely forced, would be injured in their natural growth : and agreed, notwithstanding all the late theories, that the common mode of education, which judiciously proportions the exertions of children to their nascent powers, is still the best.



## CHAP. 8.

Glasgow—University—Hunterian-museum—The library  
—Rapid increase of the city, it's trade and manufactures—The infirmary—The high-church—Tontine  
coffee-room—The green.

GLASGOW, situated upon the eastern bank of the Clyde, on the side of a hill sloping to the river, we did not reach till Tuesday. On our arrival we visited the college, the infirmary, and the high-church.

We hastily passed through the university, with it's three courts; and admired the room containing the library, which consists of upwards of twenty thousand volumes and is esteemed a good collection, as worthy of it's noble destination. In the garden, beside the observatory, we saw the foundation of a building about to be erected for the reception of the Hunterian-museum.

Dr. William Hunter was born in 1718, and educated at this university. Having enjoyed the advantages of those illustrious instructors, Cullen, Douglas, and Smellie, he acquired very early in London fame and fortune. During the Grenville-administration in 1765, he solicited the grant of a piece of ground in the Mews for the site of an anatomical theatre; and offered in return to expend seven thousand pounds upon the building, and to endow a professorship of anatomy in perpetuity. This proposition not being received with the attention which it deserved, he erected a spacious house in Windmill-street, in which he left an extraordinary collection of specimens of human and comparative anatomy, fossils, shells, Greek and Latin books of the first and early editions from 1460 to 1480, and several very valuable series of ancient medals, the whole accumulated at an expence of more than sixty thousand pounds.

It was his anxious wish, that this museum should remain in London; but, feeling indignant at neglect, he projected sending it to Oxford. Having been here again mortified by disappointment, he determined that Glasgow-college should be honoured with it's possession: and accordingly, in his will, directed that it should be there deposited thirty years after his death, and bequeathed eight thousand pounds for it's augmentation and support. The prescribed interval will have elapsed in April 1813; but the museum is to be sent as soon as this building is ready for it's reception, which will probably take place in 1806. The fine anatomical preparations however, it is to be feared, will be destroyed by removal.

We could not help regretting that in the British metropolis—the exchequer of national wealth, the mart of universal commerce, and the resort of foreigners from every quarter of the world—a mu-

seum should still be wanting commensurate with the feelings of the public mind, and with the claims of science and of literature; and we lamented that France even in one solitary instance, the accessibility of her hoarded treasures, should have held out to us an example, which we had hitherto so imperfectly followed!

In the midst of improvements and exertions the most extraordinary, and in several respects the most judicious, that have ever occurred in the annals of mankind, we are yet defective in our public literary and scientific institutions. Were government to afford any assistance, however small, the wish for these establishments is so strong, and the collections of individuals are so numerous, that a national museum would soon be constituted of a magnitude equally honourable and useful to our country; and we should not have at this day to deplore the impending removal of the Hunterian-collection.

The university was erected in the fourteenth century, and it appears that Glasgow did not then contain more than fifteen hundred inhabitants; since that time it seems to have been gradually increasing in population. In 1695 it became in point of wealth the second town in Scotland, having previously classed as the eleventh; but its most rapid advancement to importance was effected, soon after the union in 1707, by the trade opened to the West Indies and America, from the salutary effects of which no place profited so extensively. Soon after this period the traders of Glasgow, sensible of the inadequacy of the Clyde to bring to their doors the rising commerce of the west, meditated the establishment of a harbour at Dunbarton; but the magistrates of that royal burgh, blind to the advantages of the project, and fearing such an influx of population as might materially increase the price

of provisions, resisted their application! This constrained them to the necessity of purchasing lands on the southern shore of the river; and here they expeditiously formed the harbour and town of Port-Glasgow. As a natural consequence of these improvements, we may remark that Glasgow, which at the revolution held but fourteen, now boasts of eighty, thousand inhabitants; and a spirit of refinement gaining ground has introduced that luxury, which by increasing men's wants gives an additional spur to their industry, and produces a general diffusion of comforts before unknown.

Formerly the principal trade of Glasgow was the curing and exporting of salmon and herrings to France, whence they received in return wines, brandy, and salt. For about fifty years immense quantities of tobacco were likewise here imported: this trade, however, has been for some time on the decline, chiefly from the independence of



America (for, by the colonial regulations, no tobacco could be sent direct to any part of Europe without being first landed in Great Britain) and certainly in some degree from the diminished use of that herb. The manufacture of cottons and muslins is now the principal object of attention. For many miles round Glasgow there are flourishing villages, dependent upon that city, with bleach-fields and other necessary works, all in the most flourishing condition.

Every where around us, indeed, proofs were exhibited of the spirited exertions of an active and thriving people. The navigation of the Clyde cleared and deepened, canals cut, bridges built, fresh roads made and old ones widened, public buildings erected, streets rendered more commodious, as well as spacious new ones and noble squares springing up—all conspired to mark that mighty Genius of commerce, which, like the subjects of Aladdin's lamp in the Arabian legends, can furnish "equipages

glittering like meteors and palaces rising like exhalations."

At this place also glass and iron-works, type-foundry, malting and brewing, besides a prodigious number of manufactories scarcely to be particularized, are carried on with vigour and success.

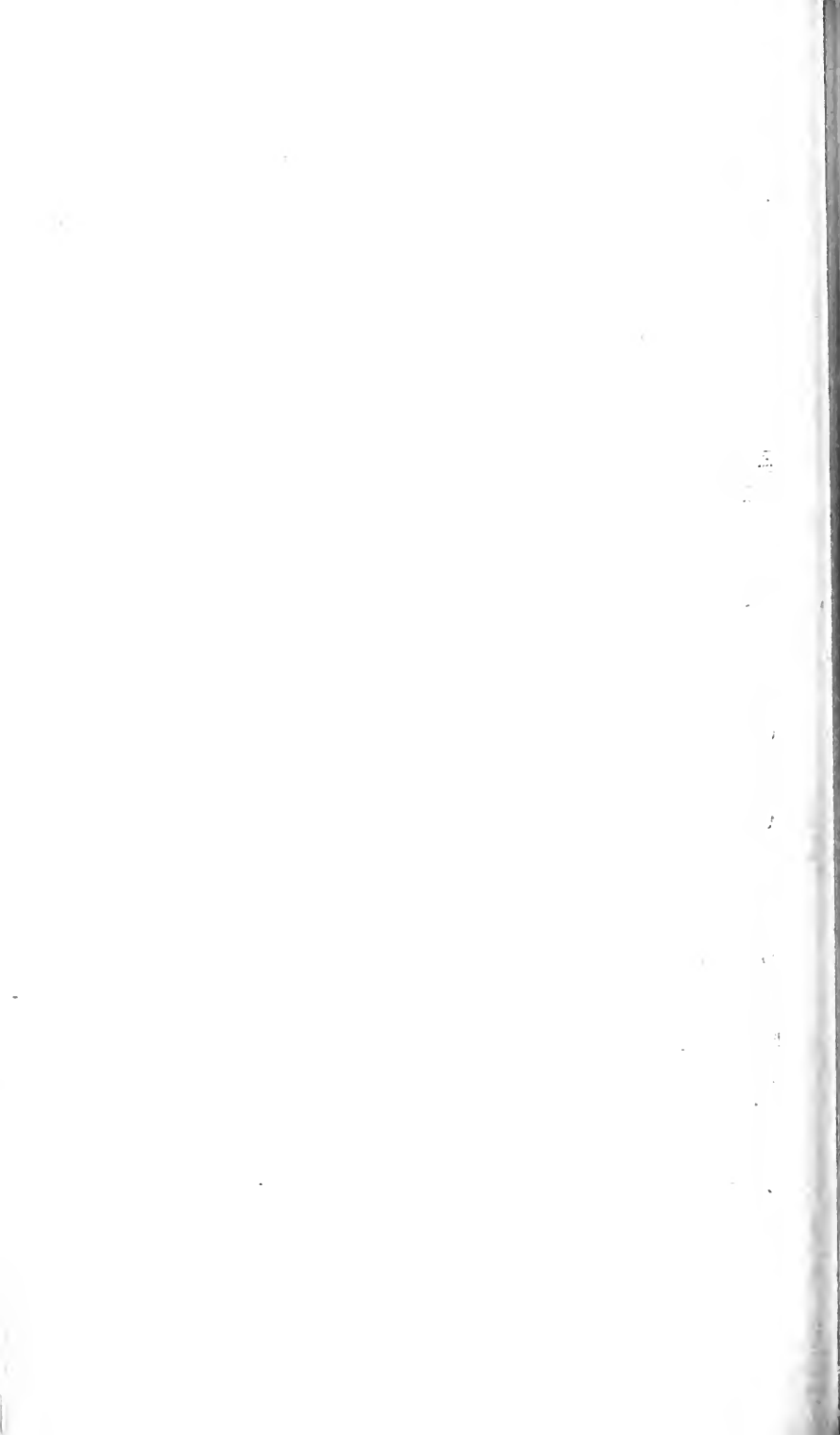
The infirmary is a very elegant structure, admirably situated on a rising ground. The high church however, formerly cathedral and metropolitan, standing upon the most elevated part of the city, is a heavy building.

The tontine coffee-room surprized us, as exceeding in space any which we had before beheld.

We stood at the centre of intersection of the four principal streets, of which the largest running from east to west is a mile and a half in length, and were struck with their magnificent appearance. The houses are of stone, of considerable uniformity, and built in good taste; not so high, indeed,

as those of the old town of Edinburgh, but with a greater air of comfort.

In a walk to the Green, a spacious piece of ground appropriated to the use of the inhabitants, we observed a great number of women washing linen, by trampling upon it in tubs of water with their naked feet. Here the gentlemen of the town amuse themselves by playing at goff, a game in which they are said to excel.



## CHAP. 9.

Renfrew—Dunbarton-castle—View from it's summit—  
Entrance into the Highlands—Their magnificence and  
nakedness—Loch-gare—Wallace's-leap—Loch-long—  
It's dreary appearance—Fictitious description by Pro-  
copius.

A MERCHANT of the city of Glasgow, our friend, took us to his elegant mansion in the neighbourhood where we slept. On our way we crossed a noble bridge with seven arches, finished in 1772.

Next morning, proceeding north-westward, we traversed a wooded and well cultivated country, abounding with wheat; and beheld on every side elegant houses of stone, lately built by merchants and tradesmen of this city, and by Paisley-weavers, greatly exceeding those of the indigenous

nobility. This pre-eminent splendour of the commercial interest is regarded by the older Scots, who are still slaves to feudal prejudice, with concern or abhorrence.

Passing through Renfrew, which once possessed a palace of Robert II. and now gives a title to the Prince of Wales, we were ferried over the Clyde in the most secure and convenient passage-boat we had ever observed.

Before our arrival at Dunbarton, we left our chaise and walked to the castle, situated on a stupendous rock (which we had noticed long before we reached it, as not unlike that upon which Edinburgh-castle is built) strangely unconnected with any ground for a very considerable space, on an angle formed by the conflux of the rivers Clyde and Leven. Being deemed the key to the western Highlands, it has a garrison. This castle, however impregnable it may appear, was scaled and taken by surprise in the time of the regent Morton.

The straight passage through the cleft of the rock, up near three hundred steps cut into the solid stone, is very striking; and the magnificent view from it's summit amply repaid us for the toil and danger of ascending it. On our left we traced the windings of the Clyde to the distant spires of Glasgow; to the right distinctly lay the Leven, Port-Glasgow, and Greenock; below, the little town of Dunbarton. At a distance, part of Loch-lomond, and on the two sides of the lake the hill of Leven, and Ben-lomond's majestic summit, rising above his clustering companions, was enveloped in clouds. We seemed in a vast amphitheatre of mountains, through which the eye could dimly trace the lengthened vale of the Clyde.

In the middle of the rock we were shown a large reservoir of fine water, constantly and copiously supplied, in which was swimming a pike of considerable size said to have been confined there nearly forty years.

At this castle we likewise noticed a girl, who differed so widely in plumpness of form, and delicacy of features, from those whom we had lately observed, that we could not resist the curiosity of inquiring whether or not she was a native of Scotland. She told us that she had come from the south of England, with the family of the captain of the garrison, as a servant, and that her mother would be very angry with her, if informed that she walked without shoes and stockings.

On leaving Dunbarton, we passed over a good modern bridge, thrown across the Leven, and followed a road bending to the left, which led us through well-cultivated fields. These, thirty years ago, were barren wastes: at that time too not one of the good houses, which now perpetually present themselves, was yet erected. The introduction of the shuttle has made these rugged hills and swampy valleys "laugh and sing." What benevolent heart does



not throb with the most agreeable sensations at the display of such blessings attendant upon honest industry!

We soon however quitted these scenes of cultivation, and advanced into a bold-featured, majestic, desolate country, where we first beheld the Highlands, sweeping along in that wild state of nature which produces an impression perfectly new to an untravelled Englishman. Here the tourist forcibly seizes their true character. Mountain after mountain destitute of trees, contiguous in position, but irregularly rolling without intermission or apparent termination; and the wide lakes stretching boldly up the country, amidst the branching chains of naked hills; yet in all the "rude and indigested" mass, resembling what we may suppose Chaos to have been (if we might believe the tales of poets) after the recent separation of it's elements, before the hand of Order had arranged it into it's present symmetry, the eye finds nothing repellent,

but is struck with the simple magnificence of nature, exhibiting in sublime variety her stupendous monuments.

Here also we beheld that nakedness, which impressed us strongly with the opinion that these regions had formerly been covered with water; or rather, from their bareness, that they must now have an exact resemblance to the bottom of the sea. The belief, that we observed the salient angles of one mountain constantly opposite to the re-entering angles of it's adverse neighbour (an appearance, said to be observable in almost every country in the world) left no doubt in our minds of the great revolutions which have taken place on the earth's surface; and disposed us to conclude that, as these mountains had probably at some very remote period been immersed in the sea, so might they again, by the incessant workings of the tides of the "great waters," and in the immeasurable existence of the world, be overwhelm-

ed in the depths of the Atlantic; while those now hidden in it's bosom may rear their tops, enriched with beds of sea-shells, the objects of awe and of perplexity to the astonished traveller.

For some miles we journeyed along the banks of Loch-gare, viewing on the opposite shore Port-Glasgow and Greenock, with their ships, which receive goods floated down the Clyde in flat-bottomed boats from Glasgow. A "Scottish mist" prevented our crossing the lake from Ardincaple, as we had projected, to inspect the palace now erecting for the duke of Argyle on the other side; and more especially to behold the rock called Wallace's-leap. From the top of that frightful crag this hero, the pride and honour of Scotland, it is believed, leapt on horse-back into the plain below; his steed (they add) perished, but he escaped from his pursuers safe and unhurt. Some mortification was felt at not enjoying those local

associations, which such a scene must infallibly have inspired.

Wallace exhibited, in the defence of the liberties of his country, excellent talents for military command, which (as Hume justly observes) requires more genius and capacity than any other active scene of life. It was a foul deed, and most unworthy of a king, to put this inflexible patriot to an ignominious death. Like Epaminondas, kissing his shield in the hour of death; or like the generous and humane Wolfe, rejoicing to hear in his last moments that the enemy had turned their backs, Wallace too should have fallen in the arms of victory.

After dinner we still followed the margin of Loch-gare, for an extent of more than eight miles, to its termination. Continuing our course through a rugged and mountainous country, we at last came in view of Loch-long; but in our progress toward it, we frequently lost it from our sight, sometimes winding through the

mountains, and sometimes creeping along their wide bases, on the verge of the lake.

In this wild romantic scenery, the eye wanders in vain to discover a solitary cottage, or even a spot of cultivated earth; and till our arrival at the inn of Arroquhar, nothing was to be seen but a few mean huts, here and there a half-naked human being, and at intervals a boat on the lake with a fisherman and his boy.

A drizzling rain gave a thick darkness to the natural dinginess of the lake, the effect of which was still farther augmented by the sea-weed that clung to the shores and rocks, and rode on the surface of the mournfully dashing waves; and by the lowering clouds which enveloped in obscurity the tops of the hills, and threw a sublime and awful majesty over this dreary region. The sides of the lake stretched along without the intervention of trees, or the relief of any vegetation upon its banks; and a soli-

tary boat slowly moving across appeared to us almost as passing

“ the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Into the kingdom of perpetual night.”

Near the head of the lake, through a scene made up of mountain, water, and sky, a yawning chasm opens into Glen-croe, guarded on each side by two black and rugged hills. Had Virgil seen this horrid gap, he could not have given a more appropriate description of it, than in the words which describe the entrance into the realms of Pluto :

“ Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,  
“ Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro.”

It is hardly possible to cast more gloom upon these dreary scenes; it can only be heightened by a vivid imagination painting the horrors of winter, and adding the fictitious description of this country by Procopius, as translated by Mr. Gibbon.

Britain, " whose eastern and western parts  
 " are divided by an antique wall, the boun-  
 " dary of life and death. The east is a fair  
 " country, inhabited by a civilized people :  
 " the air is healthy, the waters are pure  
 " and plentiful, and the earth yields her re-  
 " gular and fruitful increase. In the west,  
 " beyond the wall, the air is infectious and  
 " mortal; the ground is covered with ser-  
 " pents; and this dreary solitude is the  
 " region of departed spirits, who are trans-  
 " ported from the opposite shores in sub-  
 " stantial boats, and by living rowers.  
 " Some families of fishermen, the subjects  
 " of the Franks, are excused from tribute,  
 " in consideration of the mysterious office  
 " which is performed by these Charons of  
 " the ocean. Each in his turn is summon-  
 " ed, at the hour of midnight, to hear the  
 " voices and even the names of the ghosts ;  
 " he is sensible of their weight, and he feels  
 " himself impelled by an unknown but irre-  
 " sistible power."

It cannot excite surprise, that the native Caledonians should have preserved their wild independence, and that their country should never have been subdued. “How  
“ could the masters of the fairest and most  
“ wealthy climates of the globe refrain from  
“ turning with contempt from gloomy hills  
“ assailed by the winter-tempest, from lakes  
“ covered with a blue mist, and from cold  
“ and lonely heaths, over which the deer  
“ of the forest were chased by a troop of  
“ naked barbarians?” To the Romans, who in the comparatively narrow compass of one city had compressed nearly the collective luxuries of the world, rich wines, aromatic spices, splendid palaces; to such a people how could a country be worth conquering, which exhibited dark days and long nights with perpetual snows, and which yielded only a precarious subsistence, with a wretched alternation of torpid indolence and savage ferocity?



## CHAP. 10.

Arroquhar—Ben-arthur—Melancholy solitude—Pastoral life destitute of joys—"Rest, and be thankful"—Lochrastel—Lake of Kinlas—Arrival at Cairndow.

AT Arroquhar-inn, situated within half a mile of the head of Loch-long, we were still surrounded with lofty mountains. One, from its supericour height, is called Ben-arthur or the Cobler (the latter name surely must have been given by a southern traveller, accustomed to the luxury of shoes) a part of the rock on it's summit resembling a son of St. Crispin at his work. This gentleman however, more aspiring than his humble name-sake, "commences with the clouds," and is therefore seldom visible. Opposite to the inn is a stream of water, tumbling down the side of a precipitous declivity. At this place also is a church, in

which the minister every Sunday preaches in English and Gaëlic alternately.

While, from the front of Arroquhar-inn, we were admiring the desolate and magnificent scenery of the opposite mountains, a traveller just returned from the west excited our laughter, by telling us that these were but mole-hills, in comparison with those which he had left behind.

Next morning we set off for Cairndow, rather more than half way to Inverary. After turning round the head of Loch-long, where two herons (almost the only birds we saw about these lakes) with droning short flights on solemn flapping wing preceded our carriage, we came to the house of a gentleman of the name of Campbell. It will not appear surprising, that two travellers from the south, living in the bosom of society, with little knowledge of the amusements of fishing, shooting, and hunting; and contrasting these cold and laborious sports with the gay vivacity of routes, plays, and

operas; and, above all, the melancholy solitude of these forlorn wilds with the irresistible charm of literary intercourse, alternately elegant and profound, should be astonished to find an enlightened person spending his entire twelvemonth in such a situation, without the operation of some strong motive, little less than compulsion? How many dreary hours must he experience, and how little of society, so material an ingredient to the happiness of man, as every one who has either head or heart must allow, can he enjoy! But perhaps the nakedness of these wastes, which excludes strangers, may foster in the hardy Highlander his native love of liberty; and, by marking the country as his own, verify what has long been particularly observed of mountaineers—

Dear is the hill, which lifts him to the storm.

We now entered Glen-croe, which is considered as one of the most singularly romantic of all the highland passes; and

with mingled feelings of wonder and horror, surveyed on either side the impending rocks and frightful dreariness of an outlet in front, seldom cheered with the rays of the sun.

About the middle of the glen, near the road, we had the curiosity to inspect a shepherd's hut. It is hardly possible to describe the wretchedness of this miserable habitation, built of loose slate, that had shivered and slid down from the sides of the mountains. It was about nine yards long, and four or five wide: the door faced the road, at which entered promiscuously the shepherd, his wife, his children, and his cattle. Of the two unequal compartments, into which it was divided, the first and largest is principally intended for the cattle, the other for the family. In the former, however, we found lying on a hurdle three children, close to the door, with their feet almost against the tails of the cows; on the floor was a quantity of

fern, which had long lain steeped in their evacuations. At the farther side the ground being somewhat more elevated, we could with due care avoid sticking fast in soft and wet dirt, in our progress to the inner division. Here we found a blazing fire in the midst of the apartment, with a large pot hanging over it, containing some coarse and meagre fare little calculated to sustain vigorous life; and the smoke freely making it's way through the door and the crevices of the building. Near the fire, in the depth of the smoke and covered with heavy rugs, lay three "children of a larger growth."

Emerging from a hut which we never desired again to enter, we looked upon the children who were by the door, and observed that though their dwelling among cows is agreeable to the advice of an eminent physician, they yet had not that fine bloom upon their cheeks, which his theory would have led us to expect.

The mother of this large family was busily employed at a rivulet near the hut in washing coarse woollen clothes, and came up on our approach to her habitation. She readily gratified our curiosity, and was very thankful for the pittance which we gave her in return. Her husband, she said, was "far awa" amongst the sheep; she looked very cadaverous and wretched, and every thing around her afforded substantial proof, if indeed proof were necessary, that the pastoral life, notwithstanding all the pleasures

" That hills and vallies, dale and field,  
" And all the craggy mountains yield,"

is wholly destitute of those Arcadian delights which have been ascribed to it by the wanton imaginations and " seething brains" of the poets; and that these notions are

" In folly ripe, in reason rotten :"

and, as virtue is only a more enlarged

and a more cultivated reason, we may readily believe too, that in this state there usually has been more of sloth, rapacity and revenge than in civilized life.

Deeply regretting the miserable condition of this family, we yet felt conscious that it was both profitable and agreeable to view human nature in it's various aspects; and, though here the picture was far from attractive, we were the more inclined to hail that science and refinement which have so close a connection with virtue and humanity.

The hardy Scot, living amongst sterile mountains, and in a bleak country where three fourths of the year are winter, will readily be supposed to enjoy few comforts. We much doubted indeed whether the downward gradation from this shepherd's family to his cattle, in diet and habitation, was not much less than the upward interval between his comforts and those of an English farmer.

As we proceeded along Glen-croe, we observed here and there a hut, and close to them slips of ground containing thin and light patches of oats, which the barrenness of the soil however made us consider as a wonderful crop.

At the termination of Glen-croe, to ease our horses, we walked up a mountain, the highest, steepest, and most rugged that we had yet encountered. We were much fatigued by the long zig-zag ascent, and found judiciously inscribed on a stone, "Rest, and be thankful." The weary traveller readily takes "rest;" and, looking back into Glen-croe, is "thankful" that it is not his lot to live amongst these frightful solitudes.

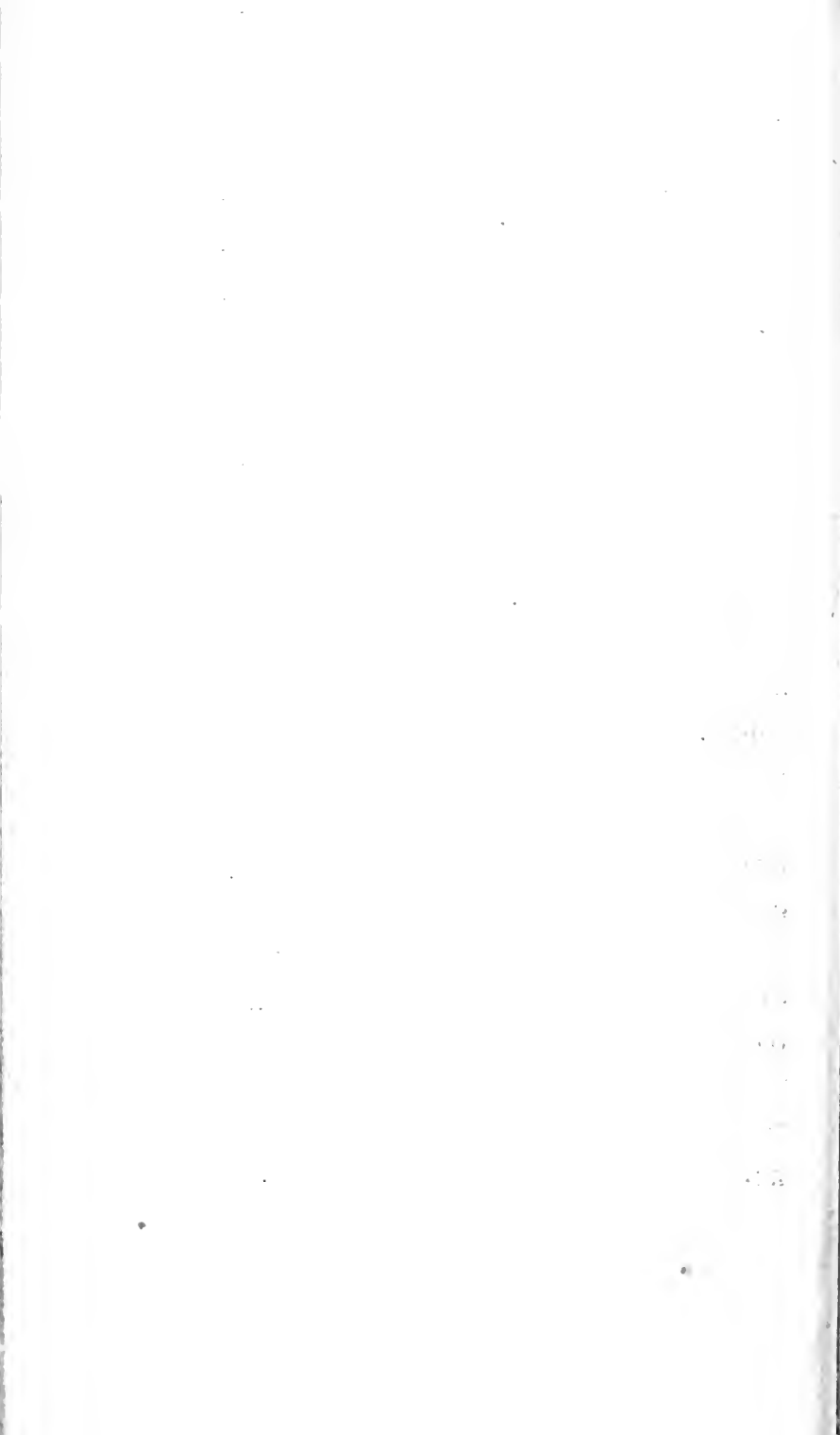
On our reaching the summit, we were much surprised to find ourselves still in a valley, containing a small dull lake called Loch-rastel, surrounded by precipitous and barren rocks. Here no vestige of human art was to be seen, save stones piled up in a conical form by the shepherds upon the



least accessible elevations; as if to show that man, in despite of difficulties and dangers, had attained the highest pinnacles of these alpine regions.

In this dismal place we met two lady-like young women, walking without any attendant. The damsels of old, who are said to have travelled over hill and dale with whip and palfrey, in confidence of their virginity, could not have excited more surprise than these fair ones did in us; but, on turning an acute angle of the road, the appearance of a lagging empty chaise put an end to our astonishment.

After pursuing our route along the vale of Kinlas, through which ran a stream supplied by the small lake which we had just left behind, for a distance of sixteen miles the most toilsome that our horses had hitherto traversed, and presenting more waste and less cultivation than can easily be imagined in a civilized country, we arrived at Cairndow.



## CHAP. 11.

Proceed by water to Inverary—View of Inverary—Duke of Argyle's castle, and beautiful scenery around it—Great expenditure in improvements at Inverary—Conversation with two boatmen—Return to Cairndow.

FROM Cairndow we determined to proceed by water, a distance of about ten miles, to Inverary. Having hired a boat and two men with oars, we commenced our new mode of travelling up Loch-fyne. Advancing southward, we observed on our left a noble house, belonging to a Mr. Campbell, beautifully situated on the edge of the lake and surrounded by trees. Further up on the same side, winding amongst the hills to a ferry-house lately erected, at the foot of Hell-glen, a new road, affording a nearer pass from the south to Inverary, made it's appearance. On our right, at the edge of the lake, upon a low rocky peninsula, stood a ruined castle; and all around were moun-

tains, somewhat less frightful indeed than those of Glen-croe, but possessing a dignity heightened by their rising out of the water. The peasants were peeling and stacking in the vallies the bark of oaks; the timber however, from the stunted growth of the trees, appeared of little value. As we proceeded, we found the plantations extensive and admirably variegated.

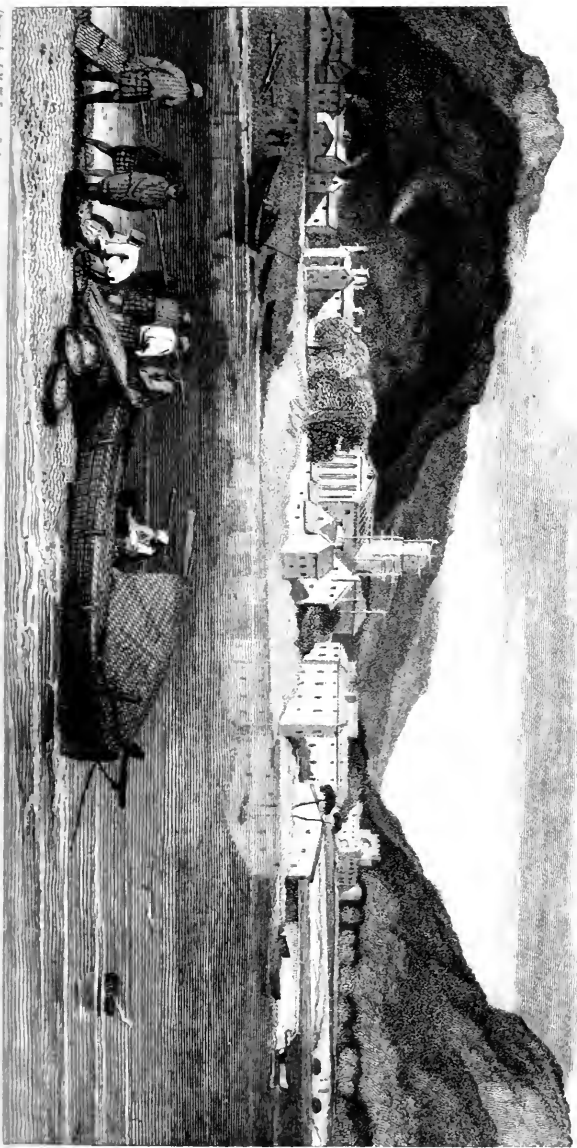
At the opening of the lake to the right, which here makes a noble bay of many miles in circumference formed by the junction of the river Ary and Loch-fyne, we had instantly, as if by enchantment, a beautiful view of the town of Inverary, consisting entirely of modern buildings of white stone, covered with blue slate, situated close to it's banks.

The sun was in his full splendour, and the whole expanse of water, which from it's smoothness (being above twenty miles from the sea) and from the winding of it's shores, possesses almost all the beauties of

a fresh-water lake, glittered before us, and formed a fine contrast with the surrounding woods and mountains. Proceeding gently forward, we soon beheld opening in front, upon a sloping lawn, in it's mountain recess, the duke of Argyle's grey, gothic, modern-built castle, with a beautiful bridge over the Ary, and the great rock Dunequaich, surmounted by a watch-tower in front; while the town of Inverary with it's spire and the lake stretching out to the horizon, on the left, widening and terminating with a picturesque bridge over the Spira, to the right; the road skirting the edge of the lake to the town, and continuing it's course behind it, with a lodge at each of it's extremities; the castle and town sheltered by fine trees, rising shade above shade, and mountains forming a semi-circular screen stretching to the clouds, collectively present one of the most beautiful and sublime pictures that ever filled the eye of an enraptured spectator.

On our landing upon the quay, the impression already received of the beauty of Inverary, situated on a small peninsula of the loch, was not diminished. Crowded with herring-busses, reeling at every ebb and flow, the fore-ground diffused a lively interest over the romantic scenery in the distance. The church, with a portico at each end, was built for the accommodation of the inhabitants by the present duke of Argyle; and the double service, in English and Gaëlic, was first performed in the year 1800; at which time (as appears in the plate) the addition of a spire completed the general beauty of the picture.

After having viewed the palace and grounds, with the Ary beautifully sweeping along, tasted peaches and nectarines the produce of this cold climate, gathered wild strawberries growing against the garden-walls of the inn, and noticed a column, on which is modestly brought to recollection the destruction of seventeen



Engraved by J. M. P. Turner R. S.

London: Published by W. & A. G. Smith, 1854.

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1875

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gentlemen of the name of Campbell, massacred by the savages of a neighbouring clan, in consequence of a writ of fire and sword issued against them ; we turned our backs on the north, and bade adieu to a place, the beauties of which are much heightened by their striking contrast with the widely extended nakedness of the surrounding country. It will readily be believed that this noble seat and it's scenery, when beheld by the rude sons of Caledonia, in unequal comparison with their lowly huts and naked wilds, are regarded as a perfect elysium and the residence of a divinity.

It is said that, since the year 1745, not less than the enormous sum of 250,000*l.* has been expended in improvements at Inverary. But the expence, whatever it were, bears no comparison with the great advantages diffused, by giving employment to the numerous peasantry, and thus perpetuating the feudal attachment of the Highlander to his chieftain: perhaps no

man in the United Kingdom possesses so much personal influence, as the benevolent duke of Argyle.

English travellers, unacquainted with the history of Scotland, are surprized to find that, for many miles round Inverary, the occupier of every respectable house is named Campbell. Their wonder will cease, when they are informed that every Laird in the Highlands was not only the head of his clan, but even enjoined his tenants to bear his name. It is scarcely necessary to add, that Campbell is the family-name of the owners of Inverary.

Our boatmen were two stout, active young fishermen, who tugged at their oars with great cheerfulness, and conversed together with vivacity in their mother-tongue. We asked them, whether they could more easily express their thoughts in the Erse, or in the English language. They said "much better in the former;" which led us to think that their language is not

so poor and rude as Dr. Johnson supposes : for they readily answered every question put to them in English, and explained whatever we required of them with great facility.

They made remarks, it was obvious, upon our dress; probably observing how little our clothing was fitted for their mode of life, for there was nothing frivolous or boorish in their manners. As side by side they pulled their oars, raising themselves from their seats at every tug, they lightened their labour by these occasional reflections, which often produced significant looks and smiles, strongly indicating the warmest friendship.

Feeling for the severity of their toil, we regretted, as the wind blew fair, that they had not taken sails, which had been recommended ; but one of them, rather to relieve our uneasiness than in the way of complaint, replied, “ they were  
“ accustomed to labour, and should have

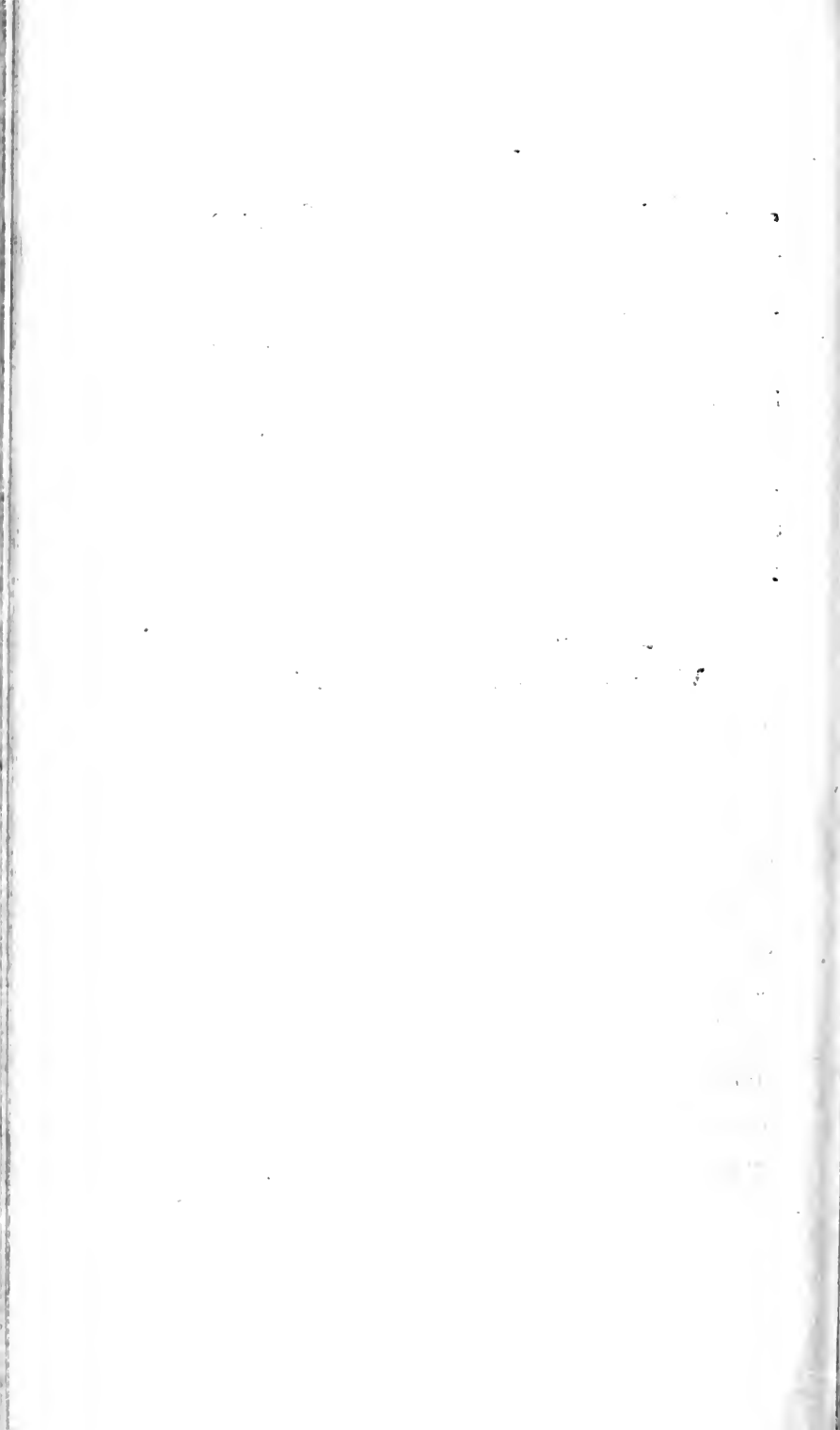
“ thought, had they not been pulling at the  
“ oar, that they ought to have been em-  
“ ployed at something else.” Yet this  
remark was made, as if there was a con-  
sciousness of the hardship of their life; for  
there is a degree of suffering, to which  
even the power of custom can never  
thoroughly reconcile mankind.

Not without lamenting that our limited  
time would not permit us to continue  
longer where the grand and the beautiful  
are so harmoniously combined, or to pro-  
ceed farther amongst these interesting and  
sublime wilds, we returned to Cairndow,  
where an abundant dinner was prepared  
for us, greasily cooked, and served much  
after the fashion of a ship's mess. But by  
this time we had so much overcome the  
fastidious recollection of southern taste and  
manners, as to be easily pleased with our  
food, and perfectly reconciled to bare legs  
and feet. If our Ganymede was a little  
dirty boy, or if our Hebe served us with

coarse and filthy hands, arms and face, we regarded them equally with the utmost indifference.

Our fare, however, was generally very good, nor could we always complain of want of cleanliness in it's cookery. Our beds too, about which many travellers are apprehensive, were not bad, nor had we reason to suspect that

——— “ a team of little atomies  
Went o'er our noses, as we laid asleep.”



## CHAP. 12.

General remarks—Activity of the Highlanders—their dress, persons, and manners—Influence of the bagpipe—The impolicy of ingrossing farms, and of driving the Highlander to emigration—Remarkable anecdote of fierce bravery.

IT cannot be doubted that elegance of dress and manners gives a lustre to beauty, and excites the senses through the medium of the imagination: it has even been observed, that were it the fashion to go naked, the face would hardly be noticed; certain it is, that the bare feet very much attracted our attention. The conspicuously-active spring of the ball of the foot, and the powerful grasp of the toes, increased our knowledge by exhibiting the beauty and utility of that member. All the Highlanders walk with firmness and agility. We

saw not a single instance even of a female turning in her toes, or stepping with a stiff bent knee.

We remarked that, north of Glasgow, we had not beheld one individual, man, woman, or child, crooked; and that, though their feet were freely applied to rugged roads and gravelly shores, they yet did not appear to have received any injury.

The rude mode of living of the Highlanders seems in many respects not dissimilar to that described by Hollingshed, at the close of the fifteenth century in England. "Considerable towns," he observes, "had hardly a house with a chimney to it, "the smoke sought it's way out at the roof, "or door; the houses were nothing but "watling, plastered over with clay: pillows were only used for women in child-bed. Students dined at eleven, and supped at five o'clock. The merchants of London seldom dined before twelve at noon, or supped before six at night."



We naturally expected to have seen the tartan-plaid much worn, but we did not meet any one in this highland-dress; in the philibeg and bonnet very seldom; and the ancient costume seems here to be entirely laid aside.

We observed that all the people in the highlands had linen next their skins. In this respect, if the humorous remark of the learned Arbuthnot be true, they are more comfortable than were the imperial Cæsars; for “Augustus had neither glass to his windows, nor a shirt to his back.”

The young women let their hair grow long behind, and twist and fasten it on the top of the head with a comb, and thus wear it without caps. They, as well as the men, are uniformly short in stature, unincumbered with flesh, and very active; but their faces are rarely handsome, and generally, as we thought, indicated the appearance of premature old age. Their features are probably hardened by exposure to the severe blasts of winter, contracted into a

most unsightly grin by labour, soured by want and misery, and oppressed with deep dejection of spirit.

The manners of the people however are easy, respectful, and agreeable, showing simplicity mingled with intelligence, and an openness of manner and behaviour superiour to disguise or artifice; and possessing great presence of mind and ready wit, which have often been remarked to appertain to those living in mountainous countries. Their general agility proved that they could

“Foot it featly here and there;”

but, alas! when the heart does not rejoice, gladness cannot be communicated to the feet. Though there was much equability of temper, there was no mirth. Were they indeed disposed to those amusements which require the participation of numbers, they are commonly too thinly scattered to form such harmonizing sports.

The powerful influence of the bagpipe over the Highlanders is well known; it roused them from security, and collected them when dispersed; their attachment to it was not unlike the love of the ancient Germans to the animating strains of their bards, which excited the desire of fame, and the contempt of death. At the battle of Quebec (1759) we are told that general Fraser, in answer to a complaint made of the misconduct of his regiment, informed the commander-in-chief, he had done wrong in forbidding the pipes to play. "Let them blow," he exclaimed, "like the devil, if they will but bring back the men." The moment the pipes struck up a favourite martial air, the Highlanders formed with the utmost intrepidity.

It seems hardly possible to be amongst a people, whose wild and inhospitable country prevents their participating in the comforts of their neighbours, without sympathizing in their wants and feeling a strong

interest in their welfare. We doubted if the traveller could be more safe from harm, even amongst the simple and innocent Laplanders. Dr. Johnson's remark, that "mountaineers are thievish," is erroneous; and, applied to the Scotch Highlanders, is particularly unjust.

Their patient sufferance of toil, connected with an almost total exclusion from enjoyment, fills the stranger with regret that these high-spirited and virtuous natives should be driven to emigration. The inhospitable ruggedness and sterility of the country might seem to be hardship enough: but the ingrossing of farms is necessarily inflicting a much deeper wound on the vitals of the country, than the greatest severities could do. It is in vain for the advocates of large farms to affirm, that this system, by increasing the rent of the landlord, must therefore increase the general population. The ruinous vestiges of cottages, with their small appendant inclosures, containing

grass, corn, and potatoes, which had been cultivated with infinite labour, too plainly evince the contrary. These, now mingling with the general waste, furnish but too incontrovertible proofs of the decay of those intrepid mountaineers, who in any struggle for independence would form our best national security.

Though ferocity, authorized and cherished by their chiefs, once entered into the composition of the Highlanders, that seems now to have left them; but ferocity does not constitute courage. Give their active souls, visible in their lively eyes, but a proper sphere for their bravery; and be assured, though their dignity is depressed, and though happily their courage is not whetted by domestic animosity, that their military ardour will not be found abated. To their rugged lives war would be a scene of festivity. The little, necessary to the support of a Highlander, would astonish an English soldier; and the little, that would sus-

tain a still more hardy race, would astonish both.

The Highlander, on long journeys over hills, destitute of human support, will for a long time repel the attacks of hunger by eating dried roots. The Tartars, we are told by Gibbon, on the sudden emergency of a hasty march, provided themselves with a quantity of little balls of cheese, or hard curd, which they occasionally dissolved in water; and that this unsubstantial diet would support, for many days, the life and even the spirits of the patient warrior.

It is doubted whether this elegant English historian could have selected, throughout his vast researches, a more striking proof of the fierce bravery of the Tartars, than the classic annalist of Scotland (Buchanan) has given of the Highlanders.

“ In 1396 a private war existed between  
 “ the clan Chattan, and the clan Kay;  
 “ which was decided in a manner parallel

“ to the combat between the Horatii and  
“ the Curiatii. A cruel feud raged be-  
“ tween these warlike tribes, which the  
“ king (Robert III.) in vain endeavoured  
“ to reconcile. At length the earls of Craw-  
“ ford and Dunbar proposed that the  
“ difference should be determined by the  
“ sword, by thirty champions on each side.  
“ The warriors were chosen, the day of  
“ combat fixed, the field appointed, and  
“ the king and his nobility assembled as  
“ spectators. On reviewing the comba-  
“ tants, one of the clan Chattan, seized  
“ with a panic, was missing; when it was  
“ proposed, in order to form a parity of  
“ numbers, that one of the clan Kay  
“ should withdraw: but such was the spirit  
“ of that brave people, that not one could  
“ be induced to resign the honour and  
“ danger of the day. At length one  
“ Henry Wind, a sadler, who happened  
“ accidentally to be present, offered to  
“ supply the place of the deserter for the

“ small sum of a French crown of gold.  
 “ He was accepted, the combat began,  
 “ and Henry fairly earned his pay, for by  
 “ his prowess victory declared itself in fa-  
 “ vour of his party. Of that of the clan  
 “ Chattan, only ten and the volunteer were  
 “ left alive, and every one of them dange-  
 “ rously wounded. Of the clan Kay only  
 “ one survived, who declining so unequal  
 “ a combat flung himself into the Tay,  
 “ and swam over unhurt to the opposite  
 “ side.”

That instability of national grandeur,  
 so much affected by the mad ambition  
 of a few individuals, shows the necessity  
 of our not being wholly commercial. Of  
 this these Highlanders themselves gave  
 us, in the year 1745, an unequivocal  
 lesson. “ In future times,” says Pennant,  
 “ posterity will almost doubt the fact,  
 “ when they read that an inconsiderable  
 “ band of mountaineers, undisciplined,  
 “ unofficered, and half-armed, had pene-



"trated into the centre of an unfriendly  
 "country, with one army behind them,  
 "and another in their front; that they,  
 "rested at Derby a few days; and that  
 "they retreated above three hundred miles,  
 "with scarcely any loss, continually press-  
 "ed by a foe supplied with every advan-  
 "tage that loyalty could afford."

If the attachment of the Highlander to  
 an excluded family once rendered him dan-  
 gerous to our government, it is now at an  
 end: both nature and habit fit him, who has  
 been emphatically said to fight by instinct,  
 for the severest duties of a soldier; and  
 surely it cannot be policy to export these  
 heroes to the wilds of Canada, or drive  
 them to the back settlements of Kentucky!  
 It is not easy to find a remedy for the evil,  
 which will not interfere with the inalienable  
 right of disposing of our property as we  
 please, yet, unless the evil be exposed, it is  
 not probable that a remedy will be ap-  
 plied.

The Highlander has deeply to lament, though not owing to any want on his part of vigilance or activity, the loss of those small patches of cultivated earth, and those humble cottages which were left him by his industrious ancestors; he must behold with pain nature resuming her rights, effacing his operations, and covering with moss and heath his best efforts; but still he has the consolation of reflecting, that he clung to his country as long as he was permitted to cultivate it, and as long as it was habitable.

## CHAP. 13.

Departure from Cairndow—Desolate appearance of the Highlands in the night—A scene by moon-light—Arrival at Arroquhar-inn—Loch-lomond—It's beautiful and magnificent scenery—Rob Roy—Luss—Dwellings described—An anecdote—Reflections on leaving the Highlands.

WE left Cairndow about six o'clock in the evening, and the accident of one of the springs of our carriage breaking (here the old *mirabile dictu!* would be wholly out of place) prevented our arrival at Arroquhar-inn till midnight. The windings among the mountains on the approach of night gave a solemn gloom to the dales, an apparent increase of magnitude to the hills, and a wild desolation to the general scenery, which can be felt only by those to whom such wilds are novel. On our right the elevations were tolerably conspicuous, from the light of the moon, communicated

to the heavens, shining far below the distant mountains. On our left they were much less visible. The dark moss growing against the sides of the rocks, the caverns formed by stones fallen from the precipices, and the deep fissures down their sides, appeared horribly black.

After much walking and some anxiety, lest our chaise supported by straps and strings should again give way, but cheered by the glittering light of the stars, we arrived at the side of Loch-long. As we advanced by the margin of the lake toward its head, we were all at once astonished and delighted with the full splendour of the moon, bursting upon us from behind the pointed top of Ben-lomond. Her broad orb first roused our attention from the gloom below: then the glistening illumination reflected from the trembling surface of the waters at our feet, the mighty mountains surrounding us, and the sudden change from darkness to light, made us

break out at the same moment into exclamations of surprize and rapture. Our danger of detention during the dead of night among these dreary wastes being now over (for we were within an easy walk of the inn) and our cares soothed by the universal stillness, the glorious scene around us raised our feelings almost above earthly impressions.

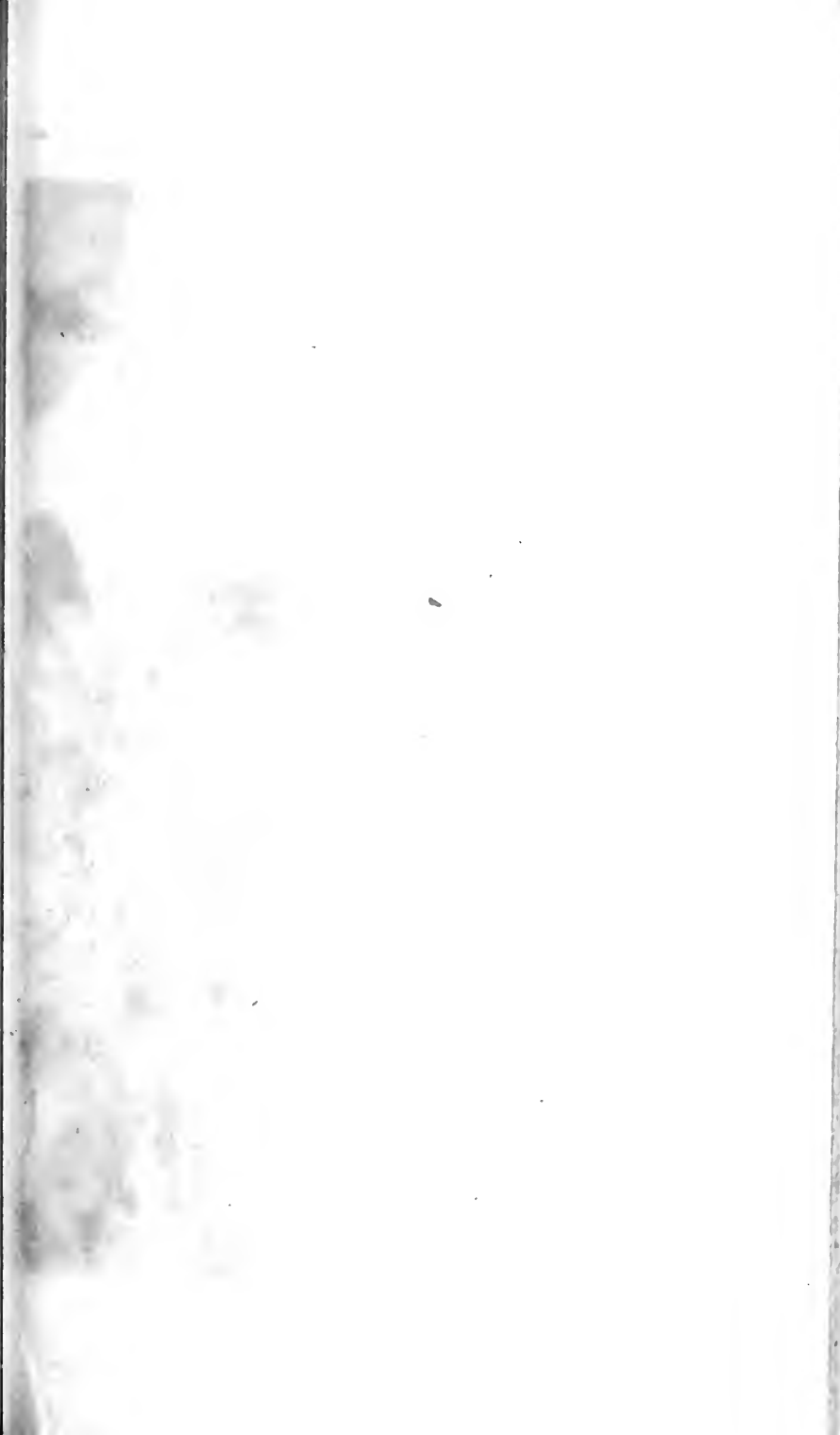
We returned to Arroquhar-inn highly gratified with our day's amusement, but felt our pleasure alloyed by the reflection, that if we had reason, on our first entrance into the Highlands, to rejoice at the increased populousness and cultivation of the country, the dæmon of destruction had, in ample revenge for the good, inflicted a much more than commensurate evil, so conspicuous in the desolation we had just left behind us.

Next morning we set off for Lochlomond. After proceeding some time on a gentle acclivity, we began to descend

towards this celebrated lake. The fresh morning's breeze from off it's surface, after the nausea of two days spent amidst the salt lakes in the stench of sea-weed, was inhaled by us with such delight, as to call to our recollection the feelings of Samson on quitting the unwholesome air of Gaza's prison:

——— Here I feel amends,  
The breath of Heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet.

Proceeding among rocks, through woods, and along the verge of precipices, down a road cut with infinite difficulty and labour, we gradually approached Loch-lomond, the chief of British waters. While we descended through the trees, a gentle wind shook the leaves, and increased the refreshing coolness of the soothing shade. Sometimes we caught through the foliage the glimmering of it's surface, and at length from a wide opening, on the edge of a rock hanging over the lake, enjoyed a full pros-







pect of it's vast expanse, winding amidst lofty hills; the perfect stillness and smoothness of it's pellucid water, with it's numerous indentations, forming deep recesses to the south; it's thirty islands, of varied form and magnitude, covered with rocks, trees, and brushwood; the lofty mountains sloping to the water's edge, and Benlomond towering above the whole, formed a mass of more beautiful and magnificent scenery than is any where to be found in Britain. The road continuing elevated along the side of the lake (twenty-four miles in length) and occasionally hilly, is admirably calculated to display it's grandeur.

The view from near the village of Torbet (as represented in the annexed plate) the lake spread before, it's sides and dingles on the right filled with ash and beech-trees, and contrasted with the nakedness of the opposite crags, and the blue mountains with their fleecy lines imperceptibly melting into clouds, struck us as exquisitely

beautiful. A boat was gently gliding below us, and its happy occupiers seemed more enviable than Asiatic princes, fanned by obsequious slaves.

We observed no island either in Loch-long or Loch-fyne, both being arms of the sea: if any ever existed there, they have probably been destroyed by the perpetual working of the tides.

Near the base of Ben-lomond is a precipice, called Rob Roy's rock. This formidable freebooter, so late as the middle of the eighteenth century, compelled his neighbours for many miles round to pay annual contributions in order to protect their property from his ravages; and to this day a desperate villain is in Scotland called a Rob Roy.

Continuing our route through an avenue, consisting almost entirely of ash-trees, we reached Luss, where we bade farewell to the Highlands. While our horses were feeding and resting, we amused ourselves

with walking about the village, and along the shores of the lake. One of the houses, built like that in Glen-croe, we entered. The fire was here also in the middle of the floor, and the smoke was left to find its way out at the door, and through the holes which admitted the light. It contained two slovenly young women, who were sitting idly near the glowing embers, enjoying the comforts of smarting eyes and suffocation, though the pure air and the summer sun were to be enjoyed on the outside of their habitation. Here no violence is suffered from those unwholesome clouds, and here the strong expression of dislike used by Shakespeare "worse than a smoky house" loses its force.

We visited another dwelling, which was somewhat larger, and much neater. Its possessor was the wife of a servant of Sir James Colquhoun, who has a fine mansion at the southern extremity of the lake. She had learnt, in respectable families,

the divine habits of cleanliness and industry.

The hardy Caledonians divert themselves with the effeminacy of their neighbours of the south, and among their gibes mention, that at this place two English travellers (cockneys of course) arrived with a full determination of making the tour of the Highlands. In the morning, however, when they had mounted their tandem, one of them, alarmed at the thick mists and hanging clouds around them, observed to his companion, that, "beyond those mountains he was sure the sun never shone;" and the other being of the same opinion, they immediately turned their horses round and hastened back to the sun-shine of the Seven-Dials, and the clear atmosphere of Exeter-change.

In a large company of Scotch gentlemen, where this anecdote was related, we were not sparing of our compliments to their country, of which those at least relative to

their hospitality were most sincere; for never was a nation more courteous in their reception of strangers, or more solicitous to conciliate by their kindness those whom they enlighten by their intelligence. If in some respects our gratitude lead us, in our acknowledgments, beyond the strict boundary of truth, we found their national, like individual modesty, so mild a virtue as easily to pardon the insult of flattery.

After ridiculing the effeminacy of the English, the grave gentlemen of the company spared not our real or supposed vices; and prognosticated that but for themselves, the most fatal consequences would ensue from the decay of public manners. It seemed to be their opinion, that degeneracy had debased our sentiments, enervated our courage, and depressed our talents; whilst these giants of the north, being out of the reach of the contagion, had by their union with us preserved the only

remaining spirit and capacity in the kingdom.

In answer to these observations, the application of a reply made above two thousand years since, to similar complaints, had a whimsical effect. “ This is so true, that  
 “ I remember when I was a boy I heard  
 “ my father say all was lost, by the immo-  
 “ rality of the people; and, when he was a  
 “ boy, he heard my grandfather say the  
 “ same thing.”

It must however be admitted, that the Scots have little disposition to retaliate upon their southern neighbours for their national reflections. We wished they had possessed the spirit and the humour to rebut and to laugh at these jokes; for we suspected, that at first Dr. Johnson's remarks were expressed in jocularly; and that, when he found he had created enemies, he became himself soured into serious hostility, and then spared neither country nor inhabitants.

It was impossible to leave the Highlands, without regretting that cultivated and inquisitive men had not employed their leisure agreeably to themselves and profitably to the state, in viewing and recording the life, condition, and manners of this sequestered race. Probably here they would find humanity in as simple a state, as many travellers have gone thousands of miles to witness; and if it be more natural and more advantageous to introduce agricultural improvements, encourage manufactures and fisheries, and give excitement to the industry of our countrymen, than to waste our benevolence in theoretical and impracticable projects of universal good, surely it will be deemed no idle or useless avocation to visit the Highlands.

The life of the Highlander was formerly, like that of all rude nations, squandered in extreme sloth, except he was roused by some great necessity. Extraordinary exertion necessarily requires long rest, and

hence all barbarians are by turns the most restless and the most indolent of mankind; but indolence more easily slides into habit.

*Invisa primò desidia postremò amatur.*

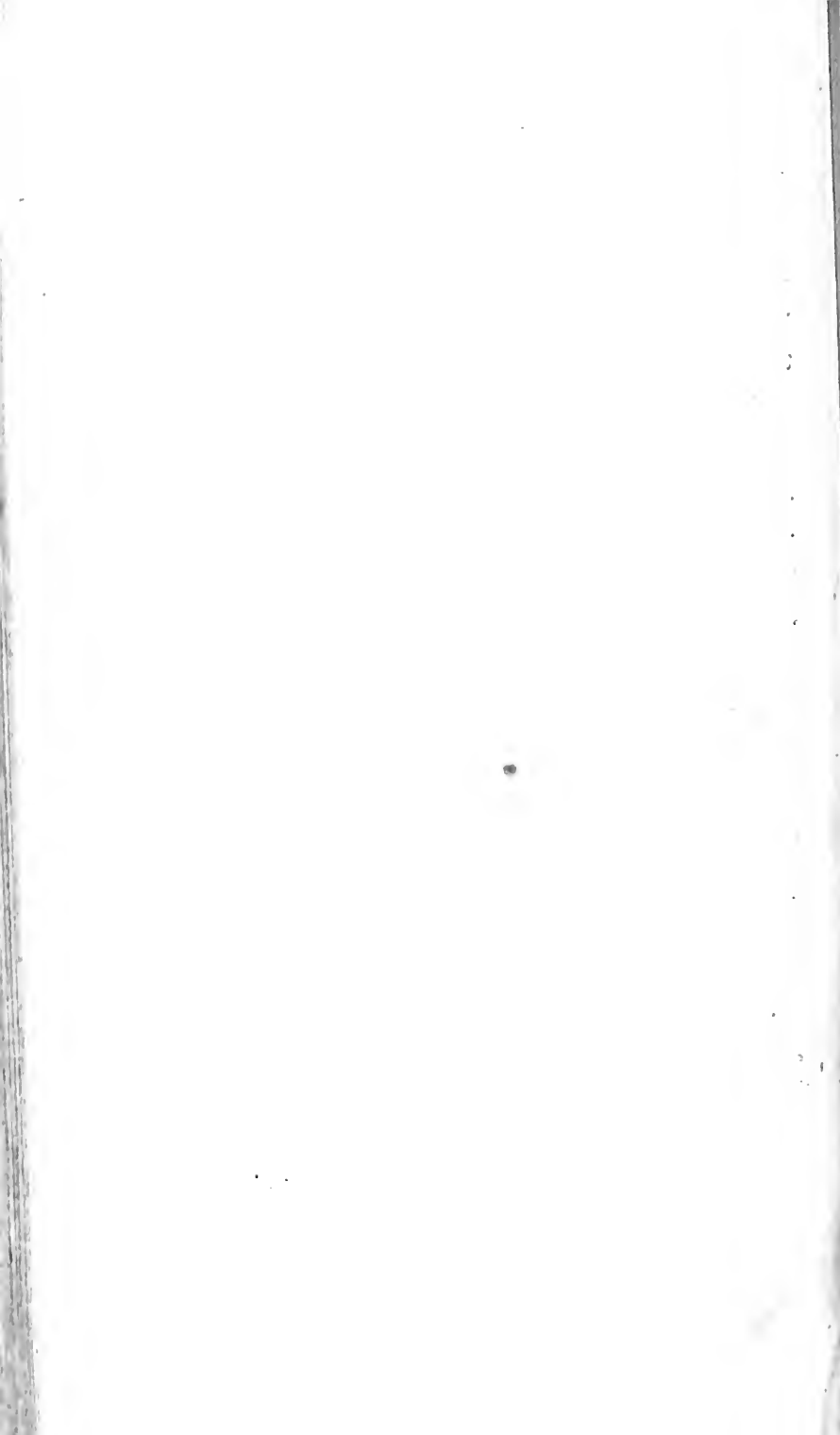
It was impossible not to be forcibly impressed, throughout this tract of country, with the general nakedness and want of cultivation, which were on all sides conspicuous. We observed not a single horse grazing, but few cattle, and occasionally some straggling sheep on the sides of the mountains. But this did not much surprise us, when we considered the scantiness of the herbage, and the wide districts which these poor animals had to traverse in search of sustenance. Nor did we wonder at the fewness of inhabitants, when we reflected, that every being on the face of the earth is nourished either by vegetables, or by what feed on vegetables: so true is it, that "all flesh is grass."

Though on our return through the Highlands to Luss we had remarkably



fine weather, and “ the glowing dog-star shed upon us his fiercest rays,” yet did we not experience that oppressive heat, which we thought we should have then felt in the south of England.

We deemed ourselves very fortunate in having had so little rain whilst we were in Scotland, for the quantities that fall on the western side of the island is incredible. This is strikingly exemplified by a fact mentioned in Mr. Pennant’s Scottish Tour. “ Leith lies in a line sixty miles distant “ from Greenock. Some years ago, when “ the rope-walks of both places were un- “ covered, it was observed, that the work- “ men at the last were prevented by the “ wet from working eighty days more at “ Greenock than at Leith, and only forty “ days more at Glasgow; so sudden is “ the abatement of rain, and so quick is “ the change of climate, on receding from “ west to east.”



## CHAP. 14.

Departure from Luss—Hill of Fingal—Smollett's monument—Splendid scenery near Glasgow—Lord Douglas's mansion—Bothwell-castle, and Elantyre-priory—Duke of Hamilton's palace—Cadzow-castle—Fall of Stonebyres—Lanark—Wallace—Lithgow.

FROM LUSS, still shaded with trees, we proceeded to the southern termination of Loch-lomond. In our progress we found the mountains diminish, and the country increase in cultivation. From a commanding station we had, on looking back, an excellent view of nearly the whole extent of the lake; it's sublime magnificence at this point diminishing from it's widest expanse to a narrow line at an immense distance, amongst lofty mountains; it's islands nearer and more prominent, than when seen from the north; the Grampian hills

and proud Ben-lomond, here still more conspicuous than before, made us doubt whether this were not the best entrance to the lake.

We were shown on our right, embowered in woods, Dunfion, or the Hill of Fingal, where stood (it is said) one of the hunting seats of this hero: but we rather questioned Fingal's prowess, and Ossian's genius; and we were still less disposed to believe that, during the darkest ages of barbarism, the Caledonians could glow with the virtues of tenderness and clemency.

We also passed near the Grampian mountains, which terminate in Loch-lomond. At a distant part of this chain of hills (as we learn from Tacitus) ten thousand Scots made their last gallant struggle; and for a whole day, under the command of Galgacus, against the all-powerful legions of Rome. Close to the road stood Sinollett's monument, and we could not help lamenting, that this celebrated man,

with many excellent qualifications as an author, should so frequently have betrayed prejudices and coarseness unworthy of his talents.

In returning to Dunbarton, we travelled some miles near the river Leven, which fertilizes a most beautiful country. On it's stream are many mills, and it's banks are enriched with bleach-fields, villas, and plantations.

When we left Glasgow, and passed over the ground which we were now re-crossing, a drizzling rain confined us in the carriage, and the face of the country appeared blank and uninteresting; but at this time every feature was illuminated by the setting sun, during a delightful summer's evening. The Clyde smoothly winding it's level course, villas standing on situations happily chosen amongst hills and woods, and the vast stretch of mountainous country, in which Dunbarton-castle and Ben-lomond proudly towered over this display of art and

nature, formed an assemblage unusually magnificent.

On Friday the 28th we left Glasgow to view the falls of the Clyde, on our way to Carlisle. At Lord Douglas's we were much gratified with our walk through his gardens, and enchanted with the views from his pleasure-grounds, on the sloping banks of the Clyde. This deeply ingulfed stream in some places was forcing it's rapid course amongst rocks; in others, gliding over shallows, and in the level deeps appearing to take it's repose.

The ruins of Bothwell-castle, and those of Blantyre-priory, add greatly to the variety and interest of the scenery. We admired the happily chosen site of a neat thatched building, called an English cottage; and the elevated beautiful mansion of the noble proprietor, a fine structure built of red stone, very common in Scotland and said to be durable, though it certainly has not that appearance. Here the

luxuriance of the ground, producing rich flowers, abundant fruits, and lusty trees, formed a striking contrast with the wild and inhospitable regions which we had left behind.

We crossed Bothwell-bridge, where the passage of the Clyde was disputed for a short time by the Covenanters, in 1679, against regular English troops commanded by Monmouth.

We proceeded to Hamilton, which has it's manufactures; the weaving of cotton stuffs, and the tanning and dressing of leather: and, after viewing some good paintings in the duke's gloomy palace, we set off in the evening for Lanark. On our way we visited Chatel-herault, situated on an eminence above the river Avon, the waters of which were hastening below it's precipitous banks, beautifully covered with wood, while the ruins of Cadzow-castle hung romantically on the summit of a rock over the stream. The sparkling brightness with

which the river flowed, and the luxuriance of the brush-wood clothing it's banks, render this Avon worthy of the poet's "softest, sweetest song."

Three miles from Lanark, we stopped at the fall of Stonebyres. As soon as we had quitted the chaise, we heard the ceaseless crash of falling waters; and, after descending a declivity of many yards to the verge of a tremendous precipice, beheld with astonishment the whole of the river Clyde rushing in one stream from projecting rocks down three successive falls. This being the first cataract we had beheld, the impression produced upon us was most powerful.

One of the party was determined to descend to the bed of the river, that he might enjoy a sight of the entire fall from the bottom; but the latter part of the declivity was difficult and dangerous, and as darkness was fast approaching, his alarmed companions tried to dissuade him from



the attempt. He persisted, however, in his project; and after some arduous exertions returned safe to his friends, who had kept up a constant shouting for his responses, while he was clinging to the projections of the rocks, and raising himself by the assistance of the roots of trees and frail tufts of grass. But he thought himself amply rewarded for his toil by the new and sublime spectacle of a tremendous torrent, in one mighty gush, precipitating itself from fall to fall, and striking in foam the shelving rocks below; over which the active element in vast and uniform grandeur rushed forward, roaring with indescribable fury.

The whole of the road along the banks of the Clyde, from Hamilton to Lanark, is highly beautiful, and enriched with many gentlemen's seats; the country all around excellently cultivated, and richly clothed with fine trees. The numerous sylvan glens on each side of the river, with their

rivulets hastening through the thickets, produced a luxuriance of scenery, which might justly entitle the country to the appellation of "The Devonshire of the north." Through this entire ride we indulged the agreeable delusion, that we were travelling in England.

On the road to Lanark we entered into conversation with two well-dressed girls, of about eighteen, who were as usual without shoes and stockings. They had walked (they told us) from Glasgow, and were going five miles east of Lanark, to see their aged parents. On our expressing surprise that they should have travelled upwards of thirty miles in the course of the day, one of them observed, that they had not left Glasgow till after twelve o'clock at noon. We told them, that our English girls would not be able to walk so far in twice the time; upon which one of them smartly remarked, "then they are not good for muckle." We proposed to them to mount

the swiss-box to Lanark; but, like all the Scottish girls, they were shy, and declined our offer.

We repeatedly saw well-dressed women, with handsome bonnets, neck-kerchiefs, and muslin gowns, walking along the roads, with their shoes and stockings tied up in a bundle. When interrogated as to this practice, they all concurred in declaring, that they could walk much cooler and lighter, and of course much farther and quicker, without than with those incumbrances!

At Lanark, situated on a hill more than three hundred feet above the level of the Clyde, we arrived at midnight. This town has considerable manufactories of muslins and stockings; it is also much benefited by the number of strangers, who visit it for the purpose of viewing the romantic scenery in its neighbourhood. Here Wallace first began his military career, and tradition states that he resided

in a house which stood opposite to the church.

Lithgow, whose travels on foot over Europe, Asia, and Africa, and whose imprisonment and torture at Malaga raise him almost to the rank of a hero and a martyr, was born near the close of the sixteenth century at this place. On his arrival in England from Malaga, his wretched body, mangled and reduced to a skeleton, was carried on a feather-bed to court, where he was seen by king James and nearly the whole of the nobility. In his travels he states, that he walked above thirty-six thousand miles.

## CHAP. 15.

New Lanark—It's manufactories—Corra-linn—Fall of Bonnington—Singular anecdote of a fox—Gold and lead mines—Moffat—The borderers—Gretna-green—High priest of Hymen—Carlisle—Penrith—Barn changed to a theatre—Arrival at Keswick.

ON Sunday morning we walked from the inn at Lanark, to see the fall of Corra-linn. On our arrival at the banks of the Clyde, five cotton-mills, previously hid by the rising ground about them, broke instantaneously upon our sight in a very singular manner. These give employment to two thousand five hundred people; and the neat cottages, which form a regular village called New Lanark, add much to the interest of the scenery.

The excellent system adopted by Mr.

Dale for the preservation of the health and morals of his young manufacturers, is highly honourable both to his head and his heart. The condition of the children indeed, in almost all the great manufacturing towns in England, is so dreadful an evil as to require the instant and anxious interference of the legislature.

We blessed ourselves, that we lived in an age when those banks, which were once the hiding-place of the patriot Wallace, struggling for the liberties of his country, had become the busy scene of useful mechanics; and instead of echoing with the sound of bugles, or ringing with the clash of arms and the shrieks of death, were cheered with the habitations of plenty, piety, and peace.

For such reflections, however, we had but little time. We hastened to the bed of the Clyde, stealing along it's shallow stony bottom, and inspected the courses blasted through the centre of the rocks for

the admission of the water into the dams of the mills.

We next visited the pleasure-grounds of the late admiral Lockhart Ross, and after walking through a narrow uneven path on the deeply shaded banks of the river, were astonished with the sight of Corra-linn, the grandest scene of the kind in the United Kingdom. It seems two falls nearly approaching to one splendid sheet, much more impressive than that which we had seen the night before, precipitating themselves in one immense torrent, curving and silvering in it's descent, dashing with thundering noise into an abyss; while, by the unceasing agitations and vortiginous motion at the bottom, is worked out of the rocks an amphitheatre adequate to it's mighty throes.

Corra-linn and Stonebyres fall exhibit the grandest spectacles that the imagination can conceive. The difficulty, experienced in getting a full sight of the

latter, added proportionate terrour to the impression which it made on the mind: and it's unadorned simplicity rendered it more wildly agreeable. The uncommonly magnificent natural appearance of Corralinn requires that it should be unadorned. The banks should only have a path, that would most advantageously display it's different appearances. In such rude and rocky scenery, it has been justly observed, the decorating hand of art should be invisible. The fall of Bonnington is beheld, after these, with little interest. The walks between the higher and lower falls, with the trees standing on the points or springing out of the sides of lofty precipitous crags, some nearly one hundred feet high, and the Clyde flowing at the bottom in wild disorder, required days of contemplation and of astonishment, and to the melancholy mind, would supply the most beloved haunts for solitude and meditation.

Near these falls we were shown a par-



ticular spot, on the top of an immense precipice, where a fox is said to have once exhibited an extraordinary degree of cunning. Being hard pressed in the chace, he laid hold with his teeth of some shrubs growing at the edge of the rock, and let his body hang down it's side; he then drew himself back, and leaped as far as possible from the place, into a contiguous thicket. Four of the leading hounds, eager in pursuit of their prey, flew over the edge of the precipice and were dashed to pieces. This anecdote, wonderful as it may appear to the cockney, will be readily believed by sportsmen, and by those who have read the natural history of this crafty animal. Amongst many extraordinary proofs of it's sagacity, Buffon states that he is afraid of the hedgehog when rolled up, but forces it to extend itself by trampling upon it with his feet, and as soon as the head appears seizes it by the snout, and thus accomplishes his purpose of making it his prey.

The accidental barking of a roving harrier, amidst the various echoes in the woods and dells of this picturesque country, made us for a moment fancy what delights must in such scenes attend the ardour of the chase, with the tumultuous notes of the hound's sweet thunder—

“ ————— for besides the groves,  
 “ The skies, the fountains, every region near  
 “ Would seem one mutual cry.”

From these falls we proceeded towards the lakes in Cumberland. The road is altogether uninteresting. The Clyde flows almost the whole way by the way-side, but is nearly without banks and every where a shallow contemptible stream. It's sprightly activity disappears, it no longer winds through groves, or along a diversified channel: it glitters not in the sun, nor sparkles amongst overhanging leaves: it does not even arrest the attention of the traveller, and being unaccompanied with verdure be-

comes an additional object of naked desolation. But this is only the infancy of the Clyde, whose course may be compared to that of human life. In childhood man is feeble; with his years his strength increases, and he gives the promise of mighty powers; then comes the meridian of life, when hurried by impetuous passions, and roused by war or the chase, he rushes through woods and down precipices with irresistible impetuosity. But anon his spirits begin to flag, and his activity slackens: he moves with leaden pace, bending toward the grave, his body dull and heavy, "fashioned for the journey;" and, finally, he is swallowed up in the ocean of eternity. So it is with the Clyde; here it rises, silently and weakly creeping forward; in its progress "swollen with many a tributary tide," it glories in its wild career, through forests and over rocks and down the sublimest steeps; then does its force abate, and it moves with lessened activity

by Glasgow, Dunbarton, and Greenock till it is lost in the boundless deep!

The face of the country is wild, exhibiting large though not majestic features; the hills generally afford good pasturage, particularly for sheep. We were surprised not to see more cattle, as there seemed sufficient herbage for them, and as the vicinity of England would give the farmers a great advantage over their rivals of the north.

Gold-mines originally existed in this country, supposed to be in what Camden calls Crawford-muir; and it is said that the Scots permitted Germans, then the most skilful mineralogists in Europe, to drain them of ore to the value of one hundred thousand pounds!

Near Elvan-foot are the celebrated lead-mines, infinitely more profitable than those of gold. A miner, John Taylor, is recorded to have died in 1770, who worked in them till he was one hundred and twelve years old, and lived twenty years after he had discontinued his labours.

We travelled over Errickstone-brae, near which, on the opposite sides of a ridge, rise the Clyde, the Tweed, and the Annan. The first, running north-west, falls into the Atlantic; the second, by an eastern course, seeks the German Ocean; and the last, winding southward, falls into the Solway Firth, an arm of the Irish Sea.

Moffat, we remarked, had much the appearance of an English town, from the number of people in the streets, and from their being generally, even on their lower extremities, well clothed. But our inquiries showed, that these appearances were accidental. It's populousness arose from there being two hundred and fifty invalids, who had come thither to enjoy a salubrious air, and to drink a mineral water; the neat style of dress, from it's being a particular day, upon which the inhabitants received the sacrament.

Upon the ground, which we were now treading (the confines of England and

Scotland) it was impossible not to recollect the continual scenes of warfare, which subsisted amongst the borderers for many centuries. This perpetual state of depredation rendered them the most courageous and expert horsemen in Europe. Ten thousand of them, it is said, were wont to rise in a single day at the blaze of their beacons.

When we reflect on the pillage and slaughter by which they were constantly harassed, and the numbers that fell by the hand of the executioner, we may indeed wonder that any thing should have been left for pillage, or that any men should have been left to profit by it.

At Gretna-green, we had the curiosity to call upon the high-priest of Hymen. It was at an early hour in the morning, and we could not be favoured with his society, without paying it's price in whiskey. A quart of this fiery spirit he drank before his breakfast. He told us, that he had married upwards of fifty couples in a year; that

sometimes they came in coaches and six, and sometimes on foot; and that his charge for performing the ceremony varied, from fifty guineas to a bottle of his favourite liquor.

We rejoiced to find, that these disgraceful marriages were looked upon by the inhabitants as vile and scandalous. A father, who may be doubtful of his daughter's discretion, could not act more wisely than in taking her to hear their humiliating scoffs and the nauseous anecdotes told by the Pontiff himself. If, after this, she should lose that delicacy which is the proper guardian of every virtue, she might indeed be regarded as above all shame.

That sex, whose generous minds set no bounds to their affection, little suspect, while they are flying on the wings of love and in the arms of some needy adventurer, that, excluded from the only respectable inn at the place, they are to descend into a mise-

rable pot-house; or, that the connubial knot is to be tied by an old drunkard, without the slightest pretence to the sacerdotal character; without even a syllable of the marriage ceremony, and in the presence, if indeed any witnesses are thought necessary, of the very dregs of society.

Carlisle seemed not to afford any thing particularly worthy of our notice, excepting it's elevated situation, commanding a luxuriant plain watered by the Eden. It has however it's manufactures; checks, printed cottons, osnaburghs and coarse linens. It is also noted for fish-hooks, whips, and chamois or oiled leather. The Eden, so early as the months of December and January, abounds with salmon, which are generally sent to London.

Placed on the confines of two hostile nations, this city has often felt the calamities of war. It's origin is very remote. The town was utterly ruined by the



Danes, and lay desolate for a long tract of years, till William Rufus re-peopled it with a colony of Flemings, and built the castle.

From Gretna to Carlisle and Penrith we found the face of the country nearly the same, but not so much overgrown with moss, as that which we had crossed the day preceding.

Penrith is a pleasant place, and has some manufactures of checks and fancy-pieces for waistcoats. In the church-yard are two very ancient rude stone obelisks, called the Giant's-grave. This son of Anak is said to have been one sir Evan Cæsarius, a great destroyer of robbers and wild boars in Inglewood-forest.

On quitting Penrith, we noticed it's old and ruinous castle on the left, built upon a high hill, in the midst of a vale. Our attention was soon arrested by a barn-looking building, inscribed with letters of a foot in length; on the right of the front "Stage," on the left "Entrance," and on

the middle " Theatre." At the stage-door appeared a pale-faced actor; at that of the entrance, the door-keeper, of course; at the third, a well-looking man, whom we concluded to be the manager, for over his head appeared in legible characters, " Money paid here." The two side-figures were standing, the manager seated on a chair, with his elbows fixed upon a desk, his chin resting upon his thumbs, and in his general appearance by far the most melancholy figure of the three. Not a being was entering, or approaching for entrance. Only a few idle children were witnessing his anxiety for " to-morrow." The people of the town seemed as insensible to his allurements, as if they had thought with Prynne, that " the play-house was Satan's " chapel, play-hunters little better than incarnate devils, and so many steps in a " dance so many paces in hell."

For six miles the country is rich and beautiful, enlivened on all sides with good

farm-houses, neat cottages, and barns like palaces, if compared with Caledonian huts. Here we first beheld the return of full-clothed blooming children, of the merry milk-maid with her master's full-fed mastiff, proudly guarding her from insult, and of the sleek herd, with their brawny male murmuring in his mighty strength. Proceeding along the narrow but luxuriant vale of St. John, we arrived at the close of the evening at Keswick.



## CHAP. 16.

Gowbarrow-park—Lyulph's-tower—Ullswater—Airey-force—Herd of deer—Blood-hound—Glenrudding—Patterdale—Mr. Dobson's farm-house—Saddle-back—Skiddaw—Druidical temple—Derwent-water—It's islands and scenery—Lord William Gordon's cottage.

NEXT morning, by six o'clock, we mounted ponies (the roads, on which we were about to travel, not admitting of carriages) and accompanied by a guide set off for Patterdale. On our way we admired Mr. Wilkinson's house, and Castle-rock, in Wanford-vale. There the mountains and crags have much the same appearance, though on a scale not so magnificent as those which we had seen in the Highlands. Skiddaw and Saddle-back were enveloped in clouds, some of which, of a fleecy

whiteness, were creeping lightly along, and half resting on the sides of the hills.

After proceeding many miles over uninteresting, inhospitable mountains, and dreary wastes, we arrived at Gowbarrow-park, an extensive tract of land well stocked with deer. Buffon mentions one extraordinary circumstance relative to this race of animals, which we believe belongs to no other—that “two fawns are generally produced together, and being nourished together acquire mutual affection, and, exclusive of misfortune, are inseparable lovers.” The male might with more veracity promise to his female, than ever Lysander did to his Hermione, that

“ One turf shall serve as pillow to us both,

“ One heart, one bed, two bosoms and one troth.”

Descending a rugged road, we reached the bank of Ullswater.

We first rode up to Lyulph's tower, a gothic building, supposed to be thus denomi-

nated from Lyulphus, an Anglo-Saxon of distinction, who was murdered, during the distraction that raged at the Conquest, at Chester-le-street near Durham; and whose monument still remains in the church at that place. This castle is sometimes visited by it's possessour, the duke of Norfolk, though it by no means seems fitted internally to afford him much comfort. The views of the lake seen from this station both to the north and west, including the surrounding mountains, exhibit a soft and harmonious beauty. Though the water however is extensive, and it's accompaniments magnificent, the impression here produced is very different from that which is made by the Highland lakes. There the sweeping nakedness, unbroken by vegetation or brushwood, gives an awful idea of wildness and desolation; here the eye is refreshed by the intervention of trees, villages and scattered habitations; the ge-

neral scenery is less sublime, and the picture is beautified and enriched by occasional luxuriance.

We were delighted with the thick, winding, and uneven walk up the rocky vale to the waterfall. After crossing a narrow wooden bridge thrown over a wild mountain stream, we had a full view of Airey-force, which was then inconsiderable, from there having lately been little rain: but the deep fall down the black rock, as if into a cavern, and the small chink through which the stream impetuously disengages itself, convinced us that the full effect must be singularly grand.

We clambered to the highest point of the rock, whence the fall commenced, and seizing the branch of a tree, which hung over the craggy cheeks of the bank, were struck, upon looking down into the yawning deep, with the perpendicular narrow channel which the continual dashing of the



water had excavated in the solid stone. The view itself was exceedingly terrific, and we powerfully felt

“ —————How fearful

“ And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low.”

A herd of deer, which had rambled close to the gate, through which we re-entered the park, fled from us with precipitation. We were impressed with the admirable provision of nature, in bestowing upon timid animals the instinct of going in troops, which she has happily denied to the bold and ferocious tribes. Where would have been the “ paragon of animals,” had it been his lot, when man and beast were “ joint tenants of the shade,” to contend against the united strength of such fierce creatures as the lion, “ whose cry, when enraged, is more terrible than his roaring ; “ who then beats his sides and the ground “ with his tail, agitates his mane, moves the “ skin on his face and his large eyebrows,

“shows his dreadful tusks, and thrusts out  
 “ his tongue, which is armed with prickles  
 “ so hard, that it alone is sufficient to tear  
 “ the skin and the flesh, without the assist-  
 “ ance of either teeth or claws ?”

We particularly noticed in the park one of the now almost extinct breed of dogs, the blood-hound, which is kept for the purpose of hunting down the wounded deer. He was much taller and much handsomer, with his dew-lap ears, and deep sonorous voice, than any fox-hound we had ever seen.

The landscape at Glen-rudding was extremely rich, the fields well cultivated, and the farm-houses and mountains enclosing the view highly picturesque.

Skirting the side of Ullswater, through thickets, openings, and windings, we arrived at Patterdale. Hence we took a walk of about three miles up Griesedale, round Mr. Mounsey's palace—as he is “ the king.” The glen is filled with trees on each side of a rocky brook brawling below.





Drawn by J. M. W. Turner R. A.

London, Published May 1. 1831. by J. M. W. Turner, Publisher.

Engraved by J. Heath.

On our left, keeping close to the south side of the stream, we passed near the entrance of a valley exhibiting dreadful precipices, and a degree of ruggedness almost as terrific as that of Glen-croe.

We admired the situation and structure of Mr. Dobson's farm-house surrounded by trees, and commanding from the side of a hill a fine prospect of the vale. The house, adjoining barns, garden-fence, &c. are built of loose stones ingeniously placed, composing walls of immense thickness; the roof of the barns in front is supported by round pillars of similar flat stones, cemented however with mortar: the whole had the most rude and gothic appearance imaginable.

In our rambles about Patterdale, from a rising ground behind the village, we caught a beautiful view of the lake (as represented in the annexed plate) with the interesting fore-ground of a quiet and romantic groupe of cottages scattered round

the church, and the fine woods of Gowbarrow, contrasted with the gigantic and naked precipices of Place-fell on the opposite side of the water, in the distance.

We returned by the same way to Keswick; and as the day improved in brightness, the clouds, disappearing from the tops of the mountains, disclosed their huge masses in unwieldy magnificence. Now we beheld Saddle-back, with his four deep fissures, and behind, but above him, Skiddaw, with his parnassian top. The sun shone with imperfect and occasional splendour; and the partial opacity to which this gave rise uniting and darkening the natural shades, added considerably to the sublimity of their appearance, and gave their cavities and projections double effect.

About a mile before we reached Keswick, we entered a field adjoining to the road, to view the remains of a druidical temple. These consist of about forty large oblong stones, placed upright, in nearly a

circular figure of thirty yards diameter. On the eastern side, within the circumference, are a few stones of smaller magnitude, so disposed as to form a square of five yards; which may have been allotted for the performance of their rites, for the distribution of justice, or for the use of persons of distinction.

The situation commands a noble view; but it is not possible that distinct stones, placed in the rudest manner, should produce any pleasure. Tenacious memory however, recollecting the terrible power possessed by those priests, their infliction of torture, and their offering of human sacrifices, may probably afford some pleasure; as that power, those tortures, and those sacrifices, are now happily no more.

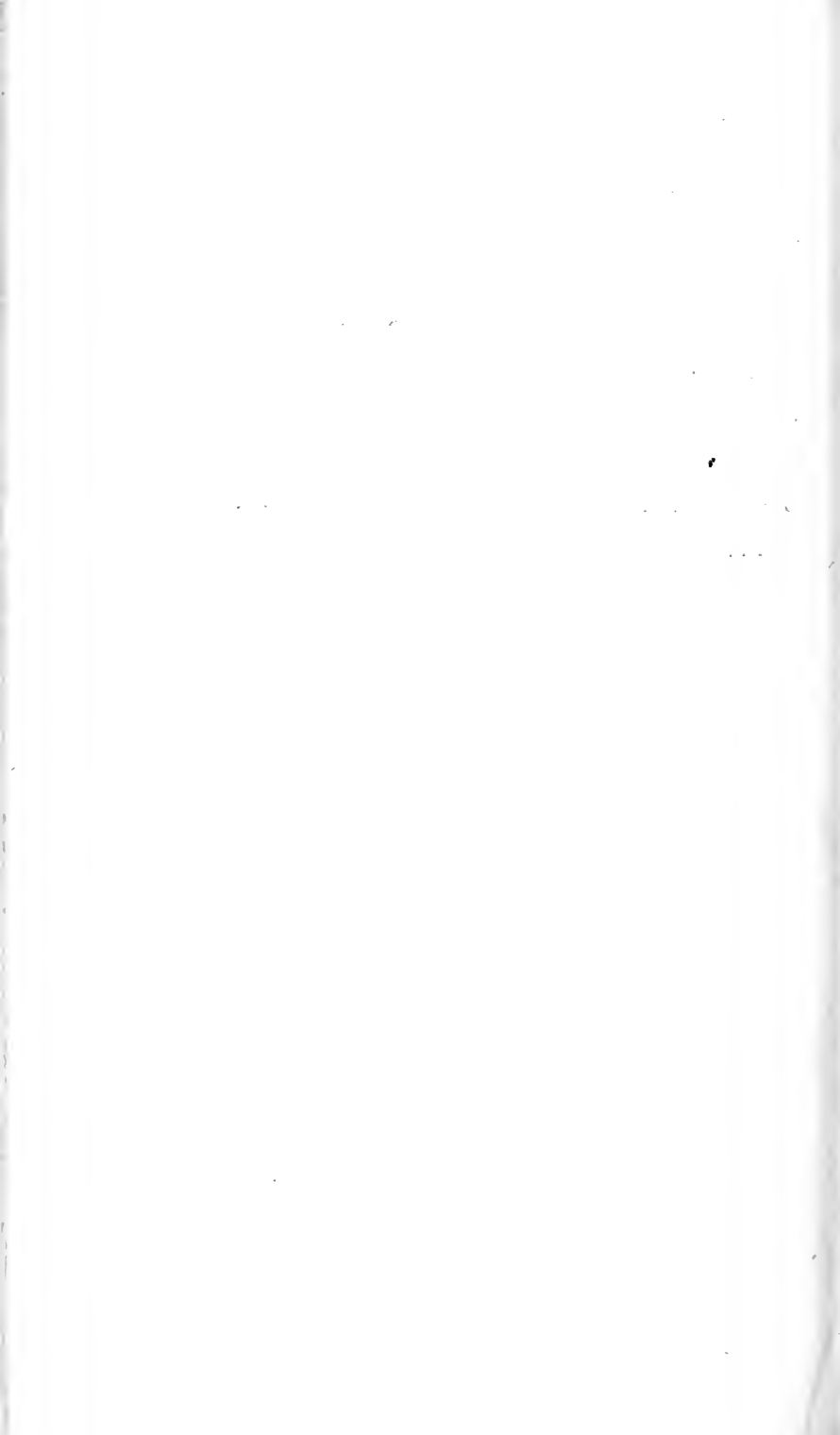
In the evening we took a boat, and sailed round Derwentwater. Being rather fatigued with our ride, we felt the smooth motion of the boat, and the fanning of the gentle breeze highly grateful. The lake

appeared about two miles in circumference, and had an agreeable roundness of form; but it's islands, after those of Loch-lomond, were beheld with indifference. The varied scenery of the surrounding mountains, intermixed with wood and cultivated fields, gave us much pleasure. And the view from the middle of the lake, the near and distant hills, the church of Crosthwaite, the town of Keswick with the two giant brothers, Saddleback and Skiddaw, formed a landscape at once beautiful and majestic. The sun set sweetly in the west, and a crimson cloud was resting on one of the rocks leading into Borrowdale.

On the west side of Derwentwater we passed close to the elegantly simple cottage of Lord William Gordon, situated on a sloping ground at the head of a peninsula near the margin of the lake, with it's bath on one side and kitchen on the other, embowered in trees, and sheltered by Causeway-pike towering immediately above it.



This house, with its sylvan scenery, its mountains, and the lake in front, forms the most picturesque cottage that fancy can pourtray. Here is exhibited the admirable effect produced in the construction of a house by its fitness to surrounding objects, an effect unhappily not exemplified in the houses of Mr. Pocklington and Colonel Peachy.



## CHAP. 17.

Barrowcascade—Lodore—Borrowdale—Bowder stone—  
 Terrified peasant—Lake of Wattenlath—Scenery  
 around it—Rosthwaite—Honistar and New-crag—Me-  
 thod of conveying slate down the sides of a mountain—  
 Buttermere—Female waiter at the inn—Cromack water  
 —Newlands—Ormathwaite-house.

AT six o'clock next morning we mounted our ponies, with full confidence, from the uncommon brightness of the sky, that we should enjoy a calm and splendid day, and set forward in high spirits for Buttermere. After riding a short way on the side of Derwentwater, we stopped to see Barrowcascade, with the views behind Mr. Pocklington's house. The fall is considerable, the walks deeply embowered, and the view from the summer-house extensive. Here we enjoyed all the variety of lawn, wood, and water. The lake was perfectly

smooth, and the harmonizing serenity of the surrounding objects truly delightful.

From Mr. Pocklington's house we rode to Lodore, and from a bridge on the road (over the Derwent) viewed the waterfall; but the descent of a whole river (the Clyde) down tremendous precipices was too fresh in our remembrance to permit us to feel any interest in the scene before us. We afterwards, however, regretted we had not more attentively inspected this celebrated cataract.

As we approached the entrance of Borrowdale, it seemed as if we were to be admitted into a deep ravine cut through those singularly formed craggy mountains, whose hideous naked ruggedness produced the strongest impression of sublime desolation.

After winding for some time along the side of the river Derwent, we were much surprised by the magnitude and situation of Bowder stone; a mass which has undoubtedly, after being loosened by filter-

ing rains, rolled down from the neighbouring eminence (as appears from the conformity of strata) and accidentally stuck in this, it's ship-like position.

. We were shown a large fragment which, some years since, had nearly proved the destruction of a terrified peasant. He heard a tremendous rushing sound above him, and soon beheld the mighty ruin precipitating itself with increased velocity down the side of the mountain; but it fortunately passed at the distance of a few yards from him, and continued it's progress till it reached the deepest part of the vale.

At Rosthwaite we turned to the left, to view the lake of Wattenlath. The whole of this way is rough beyond description, and the acclivity more steep and toilsome than can easily be conceived. To ride we thought dangerous, as well as inhuman; but our guide proceeded carelessly forward, and his poney seemed to advance as easily with him on it's back, as ours

without us. In labouring up this ascent of nearly two miles, we frequently paused for breath; and the fatigue and heat, which we endured in climbing to the summit, seemed almost intolerable; but we were amply rewarded for our toil.

The sky not being dimmed with a single speck, the lake of Wattenlath (small when compared with the immense objects around it) appeared, from the eminence whence we viewed it, transparent as a perfect mirror, and reflected with charming effect the green fields, trees and sloping mountains.

On our right lay the sparkling river, a pure crystalline stream, winding with serpentine coils in it's progress toward the lake. On the left the lake contracting itself into a river, closed on each side by steep towering rocks, and bending to the fall which we had observed on our entrance into Borrowdale, gave life and spirit to the whole. On every side the scene is terminated by the boundary, near or remote;

of rugged and broken steeps, presenting themselves in chaotic confusion to the awe-struck spectator.

The day was unusually hot. To breathe the noon-tide air more pure and cool, and to elude the persecution of the flies, we beheld here and there a horse or a cow standing on the rocky pinnacles above, as if suspended in the clouds.

The lake of Wattenlath, with rich verdure on it's sides, and the wild irregular magnificence of the surrounding mountains, exhibited the strong contrast of barrenness and vegetation: and the condensation of the whole, which brought it nearly within the compass of one view, caused us to look round with admiration at the wonder-working hand of nature; and by infusing a confidence in the infinite power and majesty of the Deity, spread a most agreeable calm over the breast, and excited in us a more powerful interest than any scene that had occurred in our tour.

On our return to Rosthwaite we commenced our toil up Borrowdale-hawse. When we had reached the summit, on a road of loose stones of various dimensions, to which our ponies most actively adapted their steps, we felt ourselves powerfully impressed with the appearance of Honistar, rising in proud dignity from the bottom of the mountain which we were about to descend.

Our guide dismounted from his poney, to which he had hitherto stuck as close as if he had been glued to it's back; nor did we delay to imitate his example, for the descent was frightful. Steep, rugged, and dangerous, even beyond what we had seen in the Highlands, it wound along the edge of tremendous precipices, and we looked down the unprotected sides of the hills with horror. Thin shoes feebly defended our feet against the sharp pointed stones upon which we every instant trod. One of our companions being more cautious in his pro-



gress, we had repeatedly to wait and watch for his appearance at the zig-zag turnings, not without apprehension that he might have slid off the shelving road into the abyss below.

The care necessary to ensure our steps afforded little leisure for meditation; yet were we here impressed with an agreeable feeling of security, on having before us any thing like a road amidst these narrow impending cliffs.

Our exhaustion was so excessive, that we found it necessary to rest ourselves awhile at the bottom of the mountain. We took time to survey Honistar, and it's opposite but less lofty and perpendicular companion, New-crag. Standing under the shade of one of those immense stones, which have tumbled from their parent rocks into the vale, Honistar seemed in horrible grandeur to elevate himself to the skies: and, disdaining to be incumbered with a blade of grass, wore a most dreary and inhospitable

pitiable aspect. Raising our eyes up his dark-grey sides, we looked at him with terror, and beheld his dreadful summit above our heads, as the pale mariner on an unknown shore observes the dark clouds which bear the tempest in their bosom. The scenery around exhibits a view of sterility as wild and frightful, probably, as can be met with in any part of the United Kingdom.

Here our guide pointed out to us tracks down the declivity opposite to Honistar, which are made by a man bringing slate from the top of the mountain into the vale below. This hardy and industrious creature, having attained the summit of a mountain hundreds of feet high, fastens together a large quantity of the slate; and placing it behind him, to preserve it from being shattered to pieces by an unprotected descent, slides down the precipice with his burthen pressing him forward, and thus, like Sisyphus, incurs the daily

risk of being crushed to death, with the additional horror of a yawning abyss before his eyes.

Continuing our route from Honistar amidst craggy mountains, we passed by a mansion with its out-houses, surrounding walls, and circular area, lately built by a gentleman of Cockermouth. The sudden appearance of so much art, amidst those scenes of desolation, was deeply impressive.

Proceeding through the valley along an improving road, we arrived at Buttermere; but neither in its small lake, nor in that of Cromack, nor in the scenery around, did we observe any thing particularly interesting. We should have visited the waterfall at Scale-force, but were told that there had been so little rain as to prevent the effect.

At Buttermere we dined, and admired of course our waiter, the female whose recent injuries have excited so much public

attention. She is somewhat above the middle size, with symmetry of person and a good figure, but rather to be deemed handsome than beautiful. It is her general deportment, so very superiour to her condition, that has produced such a lively interest in her favour. She has in her manner a plaintive softness and agreeable melancholy, which would dignify any situation ; while at the same time she maintains a modest reserve, that sets all rudeness at defiance.

The barbarous project, devised against the family at this little inn, seems almost to have exceeded human depravity. Not content with the basest imposition on the daughter, her deceiver had planned, and nearly effected, the total ruin of her aged parents. Had his forgeries for a few days longer escaped detection, he would have persuaded them to sell every thing they possessed, and after obtaining the produce, he

would have sent them to manage his domains in the north!

We had fresh-water trout and char of delicious flavour for dinner. The pure air and exercise gave excellent tone to our stomachs, and our appetites were so good during our short repasts (for we fed not for the sake of eating, but from the impulse of nature) that we swallowed with avidity,

“As if increase of appetite had grown

“By what it fed on.”

Wine we could not procure, but drank our shrub and water with those agreeable sensations which rest and contentment, after severe labour, always excite.

In the course of conversation we observed, that the Egyptians seem to have thought that land the best, which “flowed with milk and honey;” that in the opinion of the Greeks the internal use of honey, and oil applied to the surface of the body, were highly conducive to health; and that the

Goths, our ancestors, devoured their meat half-raw, supposing the juices to contain the best nourishment. In many respects those, who have preceded us, were probably wiser than ourselves. We substitute tea for milk, prefer made dishes to plain meat, and load our stomachs with drugs and stimulants, instead of the wholesome diet which satisfied the simpler appetites of our uncourtly forefathers.

We could not help recollecting, and as citizens we claim some credit for our disinterestedness in the remark, that Hermsprong (in the late Mr. Bage's ingenious novel of that name) has censured English dinners in his usual strain of spirited invective. "If  
 " to dine were only to eat, twenty minutes  
 " would be ample. You sit usually a couple  
 " of hours; and you talk and call it conver-  
 " sation. You make learned remarks on  
 " wind and weather, on roads, on dearness  
 " of provisions, and your essays on cookery  
 " are amazingly edifying. Not much less

“so are your histories of your catarrhs and  
 “tooth-achs. Not content with this mass  
 “of amusement, you continue your be-  
 “neficence to that unfortunate viscus the  
 “stomach, under the name of desert, till  
 “it almost faints under the obligation. No  
 “matter: spur it on with wine. It is said,  
 “physicians have much increased in your  
 “country; one great reason may be, be-  
 “cause you dine.”

In our walk to view Cromack-water,  
 pleasantly connected by a rivulet with that  
 of Buttermere, we observed the young wo-  
 men busily employed in making hay.  
 Some of them to quench their thirst, with-  
 out the least consciousness of indelicacy,  
 lay flat on their faces upon the ground,  
 and, as not unusual there, quaffed nature's  
 beverage from the brook. We were much  
 struck with the appearance of the females  
 about these lakes, as well as of those about  
 Keswick. All walked gracefully, all had an  
 air of superiority which sat easy upon them;

and an impressive beauty, with few exceptions, characterizes the whole race.

We knew not how to account for this general excellence. Have they, fortunately, by their peculiar situation been excluded from intercourse with strangers? Their manners are, probably, improved by copying those of the travellers who visit these lakes; and their mien is certainly benefited by dancing, an accomplishment in which the very poorest amongst them are instructed.

In the evening we set off on our return to Keswick by Newlands. Passing the church of Buttermere, we ascended Moss-hill, and riding along the sloping side of Whitley's-pike, covered with fine pasturage, became giddy in looking down its declivity. The road, which is very good, continues for some space winding about the centre of the hills; and the views above, below, and around are exceedingly interesting.

We passed by Robinson's-crag, which



seemed half impending over our heads. Hence for about a mile the scenery flattens, but on our arrival amongst the enclosures, the fertile and diversified country formed a striking contrast with the desolate region which we had just quitted.

The fields toward Keswick, gently sloping into the vale of Newlands, are charming. As we approached Keswick, every object became soft, attractive, and beautiful. The luxuriant foliage, and the lake glowing with the blush of the setting sun, which shed a fine mellowness over the whole, produced an impression at once soothing and delightful.

About three miles from Keswick, we crossed a bridge over the river Spires. From a deep shady lane we had a transient view of Bassenthwaite, seen through rich sylvan scenery; and lastly, we enjoyed a full prospect of Derwent-water, with Keswick, sheltered by Skiddaw, Saddle-back, and other surrounding mountains.

At Keswick church we quitted our horses, and walked to the parsonage; where we viewed the picture, of which Gray fervidly pronounced that “fixed in all the softness of it’s living colour, it would fairly sell for a thousand pounds.” Hence we proceeded to Ormathwaite-house, and from a seat in the grounds beheld one of the loveliest evening scenes that can be imagined; trees highly ornamental, fields carefully cultivated, and hedge-rows lengthened into deep streaks along the plain. Keswick, with it’s magnificent accompaniments, terminated the landscape. We continued our walk amidst a soothing stillness, when not a breath disturbed the air, till we crossed a narrow wooden bridge, thrown over the Greta, which brought us to the road from Penrith.

Keswick is situated in a deep vale. It has it’s linen and woollen manufactories; but it has neither the bustle of a trading-town, nor the attractions of a place of plea-

surable resort. The number, however, of its high and opulent visitors in the summer season is very considerable: in the year 1793, they amounted to fifteen hundred. Were the lands around the town freehold property, instead of being held under tenure from Greenwich-hospital (to which they were transferred, on the attainder of the last earl of Derwentwater) family-residences would be built, the ground would be beautified, and the town would increase in affluence and population.

Upon comparing in our minds the rides and scenes, which we had lately enjoyed, we were disposed to think this the most interesting.

Thus terminated our two days' excursion from Keswick. We congratulated ourselves almost equally on our industry, and on our good fortune with regard to the weather. The fatigue however which we had undergone, particularly on the last of those days, diminished that elasticity of

mind and body, which forms the chief basis of human happiness. We seemed to have forgotten, that

“The fire that mounts the liquor till it runs o’er,

“In seeming to augment it, wastes it.”

## CHAP. 18.

Departure from Keswick — Grasmere — Rydale — Low-wood-inn — Windermere — Scenery around the lake — Farm-house — Contented husbandman — Reflections on happiness — Kendal.

THE early rising, after less than usual rest, the motion on horseback (to which we had lately been unaccustomed) over rough and hilly roads, our exertions in walking to the tops of the mountains, and in descending rapidly into the vallies, exposed to a meridian sun, produced such exhaustion as left a considerable degree of languor. Accordingly next morning we found ourselves more disposed to rest than to proceed, on our journey.

We left Keswick, however, at seven o'clock for Low-wood-inn, on the lake of

Windermere. In our progress we noticed a rude pile of stones, called Dunmail-rise, designed to perpetuate the memory of a victory obtained there in 946, over Dunmail a petty king of Cumberland, by Edmund I. Similar monuments, accumulated by mighty and continued exertions, are observable throughout Europe; reared as grateful monuments to departed friendship and merit, or intended to distinguish the places of national assemblies, of great achievements, and of religious celebrations.

Passing through a beautiful country, and by the lake of Thirlmere, we enjoyed, in our entrance into Westmoreland, a delightful prospect of the village of Grasmere, its lake, and its vale. We walked round the water, which is about four miles in circumference, and were gratified with the view of sweet and varied landscapes at every turn.

A public road seems to have no right to disturb this sequestered village, which

might justly claim an exclusion from noise, as the chosen asylum of peaceful meditation.

From Grasmere we enjoyed the company of a gentleman and two ladies to Low-wood. We stopped at Rydale, walked over the pleasure-grounds, and beheld from the summer-house the lower waterfall rushing under an old bridge down steep rocks. The picturesque beauty of this bridge is much diminished by the height of it's sides, raised in consequence of the fatal accident of a servant and his horse, who fell over it in a dark night.

We walked amongst avenues of trees, overtopped by stupendous mountains; the sun was shining in meridian splendour, and we heightened our pleasure by using Claude-Lorraine glasses, the mellow tint of which softened the glare.

Throughout the whole of this ride it appeared to us, that the trees had no where attained their full growth, which makes the

scenery betray an appearance of having been lately under the hands of the "beautifier." It seems impossible, that wood should not naturally exist in these vallies; but there may have been a great destruction of it, or it may not have been permitted to arrive at maturity, or the soil may not be genial. This last supposition, however, we were least disposed to admit, chiefly from observing that all the younger trees were thriving and healthy.

Greater luxuriance appears in many parts of England, particularly in the west, than about these lakes; but the chief source of their superiour attraction is to be found in their interesting diversity of water, woods, and mountains. At every turn a new picture is presented, and the mind is enlivened by a constant alternation of objects soft and beautiful, or majestic and sublime.

Proceeding amongst these romantic scenes, of which the enjoyment was heightened by the presence of our fair companions,



we reached Low-wood (probably the most delightfully situated inn in England) about midday. Soon after our arrival, we embarked in a boat upon the lake of Windermere, in the middle of which we were highly delighted with it's extent, it's rich meadows, the beautiful woods skirting it's borders, and it's grand accompaniment of surrounding mountains, particularly those which divide Westmoreland and Cumberland. These from their distance become softened. We admired the depth and brightness of the water, confined by it's perpendicular margin; and as the fishes glided past our boat, sporting in the sun, we could not but consider them as birds flying in a different region, through a thicker atmosphere.

Here we found it infinitely more difficult to describe the beauties of nature, than we had previously found it to depict her sublimities. The fine tints, the rich colouring, can only be enjoyed by the

eye; it is in vain either for the fancy of the bard, or the pencil of the artist, to attempt her softer touches. The powers of poetry and painting fall short of those of sculpture. The beholders of the Venus of Praxiteles lent their feelings to the marble, and seemed to hear it sigh. But all that the sister arts can do in describing beauties like those, which we were now enjoying, is to please us with the recollection of having enjoyed them.

In the evening, after the departure of our friends, we walked to a neat farm-house, at a short distance from the inn, delightfully situated on the brow of a hill, and commanding a noble view of nearly the whole lake to the south. We found the possessour in his garden, and were received by him with an open and dignified kindness, only to be rivalled by that elegance of manners which is formed by refined and enlightened society. The conversation we had with this very respectable farmer, and the

excellent character we heard of him from his neighbours, convinced us that he was not without his share of that good sense and active benevolence, which we found throughout our journey, so generally diffused amongst all classes of people.

On our return to the inn we beheld a young husbandman, with a sprightly face, his arm thrown carelessly across the shoulder of his wife, who had met him after the labours of the day, on his return to his cottage. How enviable seemed those employments, which require exercise in the open air; and how strongly were depicted the felicity and innocence of these lowly peasants!

The contentment here displayed, in harmony with the soothing quiet which prevailed all around, disposed us to reflect seriously upon that interminable question, "What state of life is best fitted for happiness?" And we concurred in opinion, that more health and less anxiety are to be found

in the agricultural, than in the mercantile life.

Universal experience shows that in satiety there is a limit, beyond which happiness cannot have any long continuance: and perhaps the beggar who suns himself by the road-side, and the monarch who stalks upon his terrace, may have nearly equal enjoyment. As the small stature of man allows him to command but a narrow prospect, so must his happiness be measured by his feelings and powers. These are in all nearly the same; and that species of gratification is the sweetest, which is the least constrained. Ambition, by producing eternal contentions, as if the world were not large enough for a little creature to creep upon, brings along with it nothing but irritation and disappointment.

A great portion of human enjoyment is derived, not from the pleasure actually felt by individuals, but from their viewing themselves with other men's eyes, and fan-

cying how happy they are thought by those around them. As scarcely one can be found, who does not deem numbers of his fellow-creatures inferiour to himself, all men must possess nearly an equal share of happiness.

Next morning we left these delightful scenes, and proceeded on our way to Liverpool. It was rainy and dark; and a gloom hung over the lakes, strongly reminding us how much depends upon a bright atmosphere. "All is well as long  
"as the sun shines, and the fair breath of  
"heaven gently wafts to our own pur-  
"poses."

After travelling about two miles and a half, we stopped the chaise at the point where the narrow road to Bowness begins, walked forward a short way, and had the most extensive view of Windermere we had yet enjoyed; for here we beheld it from end to end, about twelve miles in

length, and seldom much more or less than one mile in breadth.

Kendal, our first stage from the lakes towards Liverpool, is a neat town, pleasantly situated upon a rising ground in a vale through which runs the small river Kent. The town-house stands in the middle of the principal street, which is above a mile in length. Here are manufactured coarse woollens (Kendal) cottons, worsted-knit stockings, paper, &c.

## CHAP. 19.

Lancaster—It's sublime appearance—Garstang—Preston  
 —It's penitentiary prison—Bustle on the roads—Liverpool—It's extraordinary increase in wealth and population—The exchange—View from it's dome—Chester—Singular construction of the houses—Jura regalia.

As we approached Lancaster, we quitted the mountain scenery. At this city, said to have been built by Agricola, we stopped but a short time. From the castle there is a very extensive view over the river Lune, and across the sea as far even as the Isle of Man: but the prospect is dreary and unpleasant; and it is with difficulty that vessels of considerable burden can approach the town. At a distance we observed the stream widening as it approached the ocean.

The merchants of Lancaster trade chiefly

with the West Indies, America, and the Baltic. The principal exports are hardware, woollen-goods, and cabinet-work; quantities of sail-cloth are manufactured here.

After we had left this place about two miles, we enjoyed a most sublime view of it; the massive towers of the castle, situated on a high hill, with the town rising on it's sides, the fine steeple of the church, elevated above the whole, and the mountains of Furness and Cumberland, seen distinctly on each side, leaving an open space, so as fully to display (as if by art) the pyramidical appearance formed by the town, the castle, the new gaol, and the church. Near the town is an extensive quarry of excellent free-stone which admits of a fine polish, and of which the houses are wholly built.

On our approach to Garstang, we noticed the miserable ruins of Grenehough-castle. This town is famous for producing



in it's neighbourhood the finest cattle of the county; but, though the pasturage appears to be good, the country is far from being pleasant. The place itself is a long and dirty range of chiefly mean houses, nearly a mile in length. It has a cotton manufactory. Around it as well as in other parts of Lancashire, immense quantities of potatoes are raised, and sent to London, to Ireland, and to Scotland. In this county was that excellent root first planted. Gerard, in his Herbal, ascribes to the potatoe virtues, which it certainly does not possess.

Preston has broad streets, and contains many good houses. This town has been remarked for it's pleasant situation, and for having a number of good families residing in it's vicinity: but the bustle of traffic and manufacture, lately introduced into it, is rapidly changing it's character.

On the road to Chorley we saw the new penitentiary-prison, erected on Mr. How-

ard's plan. The object of solitary confinement is doubtless to produce reformation: but there is something so dreadful in the idea of total seclusion from society, that few philanthropists can wish the system to be generally adopted.

We visited the walks about the Ribble, which command a rich and extensive view of level scenery, with the river meandering through it to a considerable distance, till it terminates in a broad æstuary.

Eastward of Preston, a much inferiour army, under the command of Cromwell and Lambert, defeated with great slaughter the combined English and Scottish forces under sir Marinaduke Langdale and the duke of Hamilton. Preston itself was taken possession of, in 1715, by the rebel general Forster.

As we proceeded on our journey from Long-town to Liverpool, we every where had increasing proofs, from the face of the country and the bustle on the roads, of

augmented wealth and population. Enclosures, barns, houses, villages, and gardens were conspicuous on every side; on the roads we every moment beheld carts and waggons laden with corn, wool, &c. and various classes of people travelling on foot, on horseback, and in carriages. But, though the land seems well cultivated, it yet does not appear to be fertile: the trees are miserably stunted, and of an ugly form. The north-west wind, which with the single intervention of Ireland has traversed three or four thousand miles of an arctic sea, depresses their sickly forms, which appear to seek shelter; and makes them appear like the tender infant stretching it's little hands toward it's fostering mother, to extend their branches, in silent longing for a more genial clime.

In our progress toward Liverpool, the herbage looked uncommonly green, but the growing corn appeared dingy and unhealthful: the verdure of the one, and

and the blackness of the other, arose probably from the great falls of rain, to which this part of Lancashire is particularly subject.

We arrived at Liverpool on Saturday about noon, and lost no time in viewing the spacious docks (second only to those wonderful efforts of human industry, lately opened in the metropolis for the reception of the West-India shipping) the magnificent coffee-rooms, the elegant public libraries, the extensive foundations of the Exchange-buildings and the half-finished warehouses, rising out of the ruins of the late destructive fire.

Liverpool, seated on the eastern bank of the Mersey, which from it's magnitude may be considered as an arm of the Irish Sea, does not seem to have been much noticed till the time of the civil wars. It did not possess a dock till 1750. From that epoch the ports of Chester, Lancaster, and Bristol began to decline, and that of

Liverpool to thrive; and the last century has raised it's population from five to nearly eighty thousand inhabitants; a rapidity of increase, which is probably unparallelled in any part of Europe.

The extension of the town and docks, the increase of it's charitable institutions and churches, and particularly the establishment of it's Athenæum, or noble library, must be referred to that enterprising spirit of commerce, which has rendered it the second sea-port in England.

It's subordinate and tributary streams of affluence arise from its manufactories of watches and stockings, from it's glass and it's sugar-houses, from it's salt and iron and copper-works, and from the breweries and roperies made necessary by the influx of it's immense shipping.

It is however to be deplored that the traffic of slaves forms it's principal source of wealth, by the trade which it creates to the West-Indies, America, and almost

every part of the globe: the inhabitants think probably, with Vespasian,

—*Lucri bonus est odor ex re*  
*Quâlibet.*

Opulence, however, though derived occasionally from questionable fountains, does not invariably harden the heart. Besides an infirmary and asylum which here, as well as in every other part of the island, throw open their arms to the indigent and the afflicted, and refresh them with the inexhaustible streams of British charity; this place has likewise to boast a most judicious institution for the benefit of the blind, which deserves more especial commemoration as being almost peculiar to Liverpool. Here children are taught useful arts to an extent hardly conceivable by such as have never witnessed their proficiency; and well might those who protect and manage this establishment (if Charity were disposed to “vaunt itself, or to

be puffed up") proclaim in the words of the patriarch of Uz, "We were eyes to the blind."

A beautiful English lyric on this subject, by W. Smyth, esq. fellow of St. Peter's-college, Cambridge, cannot but be gratifying to our readers.

#### BLIND ASYLUM.

Stranger, pause—for thee the day  
Smiling pours its cheerful ray,  
Spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,  
Lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger, pause—with soften'd mind,  
Learn the sorrows of the Blind;  
Earth and seas, and varying skies,  
Visit not their cheerless eyes.

Not for them the bliss to trace  
The chissel's animating grace;  
Nor on the glowing canvas find  
The poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen,  
Speaking thro' th' expressive mien;  
Not for them are pictur'd there  
Friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless as they slowly stray,  
 Childhood points their cheerless way;  
 Or the wand exploring guides  
 Fault'ring steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has Genius kind  
 Humble pleasures here assign'd;  
 Here with unexpected ray,  
 Reach'd the soul that felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet  
 Kindred woes, and converse sweet;  
 Torpid once, can learn to smile  
 Proudly o'er it's useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,  
 Op'd on day the darken'd eye;  
 Humbly copy—thou canst feel—  
 Give thine alms—thou canst not heal.

The Exchange, which is most conveniently situated near the docks for the accommodation of the merchants and traders, has for some years been in a ruinous state, in consequence of fire; but it is now rising, phoenix-like, out of the midst of it's ashes, and will soon be one of the most elegant and commodious structures of the kind in Europe. From it's dome we had a



view of the whole of Liverpool, and observed the low situation of the town, and the land round it gradually rising as it recedes. Before us appeared the river Mersey, stretching up from St. George's Channel a considerable way into the interior of the country; this part of the view is bounded by the Welsh mountains. On the opposite side lay Prescott, on an elevated situation; below was spread the extensive town, with its numerous and crowded docks, from which resounded the shouts of busy sailors, and the noise of industrious labourers. Castle-street, a well-constructed and spacious range of buildings, is furnished with shops not much inferior to those of the metropolis.

Liverpool may justly be regarded as one of the wonders of Britain: its merchants, like those of London, are universal traders; as, besides importing all sorts of foreign goods, they have a great commercial intercourse with Ireland and Scotland.

Those, who in their improvements are actuated by taste and public spirit, certainly contribute much to the population of the places where they reside. Men are captivated by external elegance, and few towns would, in that respect, sooner induce strangers to change their residence than Liverpool.

From Liverpool we crossed the Mersey into Cheshire. When we reached Chester, we were much surprised with the singularity of it's appearance: The "Rows," as they are called, extend the whole length of the principal streets, and through the fronts and middle of the houses, which contain the shops. That the lowest part of the dwelling, which is generally the most useful, should thus be rendered a lumber-room, and that the best portion of the first story should be converted into a public gallery, affording a covered walk for foot-passengers, must be regarded by strangers, who inquire not into the cause, as a singular mo-

numment of the folly of this large and populous city.

Fanaticism and ambition exhibit often the wildest conceits, and lead to the most frightful crimes, both in individuals and in nations; but the total neglect of self-interest, in a great number of people, was perhaps never known universally to prevail. When the cause of this singular construction of the Rows is explained, the early inhabitants will be absolved from the charge of ignorance or stupidity.

From the perpetual incursions of the Welsh, the inhabitants of Chester often experienced the calamity of having the most valuable part of their property swept away. To prevent this, these Rows were constructed; and in the moment of alarm their entrances were closed, and the assailants easily and safely annoyed with missile weapons from above.

In the weak state of the kingdom during the feudal system, it was necessary that the

great men of the counties bordering on hostile territories should be prompt and watchful in their defence. Hence the lords of the city of Chester, as well as those of Lancaster and Durham, had the privilege of *jura regalia*, "as fully," says Blackstone, "as the king has in his palace." From the same cause Pembrokeshire, and Hexham also, were formerly counties palatine. When the necessity for this protection ceased, these privileges were annihilated or abridged by an act in the reign of Henry the Eighth.

We walked on the walls of this city with ease, safety, and pleasure. They were the most perfect, indeed, that we had beheld. From the western side we saw the Welsh mountains, and under our feet the Dee flowing directly north, and half encircling the city by it's sweep, smoothly passing in deep and silent motion, "to pay it's tribute large and full to the prince of all the watery bodies."

The streets of Chester have no pretensions to beauty. The cathedral is a rough heavy pile, built of a soft reddish stone, apparently mouldering into dust. The castle, which is garrisoned with two companies of invalids, has some appearance of a fortress: but the importance of this city, as a military station, is happily at an end.

The new county-gaol, shire-hall, and other conveniences about the prison, appeared to us not less excellent in their plan, than admirable in their structure.

The courts of justice here and at Lancaster, the one a model of Grecian, the other of Gothic architecture, were designed and constructed by Mr. Harrison; and from the purity of taste with which they have been executed, as well as from their grandeur and durability, will be lasting monuments of his fame. The Lyceum at Liverpool is by the same able hand.

Chester is principally known as the great mart for Irish linens; to accommodate the

buyers and sellers, a common-hall was built in 1775, which contains shops; but the annual fair held here has considerably declined of late years, the bargains being now mostly made at Manchester and in London. It's chief manufacture is that of gloves: the other sources of it's prosperity are few and inconsiderable, viz. a small cotton-work, an iron-foundry, a patent-shot, and a needle manufactory. The great quantity of cheese sent hence to London constitutes it's chief shipping trade.

This city, resembling those of York and Durham, contains many respectable families, who are free from the bustle, expence, and inconvenience of manufacturing towns, and enjoy society without the dissipation attendant on the gay circles of the metropolis. By these peaceful settlers, every feeble effort to promote commerce is regarded with apprehension and disgust.

We noticed from the walls the unfortunate canal (cut with infinite labour through

a rock upwards of one hundred and seventy feet high) which, though but eighteen miles in length, very unexpectedly cost eighty thousand pounds. It is supposed that no canal ever proved more completely abortive. The intention was to have opened a communication with the great Staffordshire canal.

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## CHAP. 20.

Nantwich — Salt-springs — Milton's widow — Battle of Blore-heath — Stafford — Birmingham — Appearance of it's inhabitants — It's rapid increase in wealth and population — Warwick — It's castle — Chivalry — Antique vase.

IN our progress towards Nantwich, having passed through Tarporley, an extensive flat country is interrupted on the left by a rock crowned with the ruins of Beeston-castle (which is a place of great antiquity, and was memorable as a strong fortress, in the time of Charles the First) and by the banks of the unfortunate canal before mentioned. The whole road from Chester to Nantwich, like almost all the great roads throughout the county, is paved.

This is rendered necessary by the deep sands, which here generally prevail.

Nantwich consists principally of a long narrow street, composed mostly of old lath and plaster houses. Its chief business consists in shoes, which are sent to London, and in gloves. The salt trade, for which it was anciently famous is now extinct, as the other salt towns lie more convenient for exportation. From tanning it derived considerable wealth in the reigns of queen Elizabeth, and of James the First; nor has that employment yet wholly ceased, for we saw some huge stacks of bark, which for the neatness of their construction were entitled to our commendation.

The simple mode, in which the ancient Britons made salt, shows at once their dirtiness and their ignorance; they flung the brine upon burning wood, and collected the salt which adhered to the charcoal after the water had evaporated. The salt-springs in the neighbourhood of this place lie gene-

rally along the banks of the river Wever; but none have been found either in Scotland, or Ireland. The great utility of salt has rendered it from the earliest times of the highest estimation: it has been admitted into religious ceremonies, and the spilling of it is even yet regarded by many as a presage of impending calamity. A tax upon this necessary of life is one of the first we are acquainted with; it prevailed amongst the Romans more than six hundred years before Christ.

We may form some opinion of the feebleness of the party in Cheshire, which favoured the parliament during the reign of Charles the First; when we reflect that this small town was the only one in the whole county, which declared against the king.

It has been observed, that no where in England has the race of our ancient gentry been so carefully preserved, as in

Cheshire; and of this the number of Catholic families still subsisting there, is perhaps no unsatisfactory proof.

To Nantwich retired the widow of the immortal Milton, daughter of a Mr. Marshall of Stoke, in it's neighbourhood; and here she died, at an advanced age. Though she was said to have a perverse temper, she always held her husband's name in the highest reverence. "She said that  
 " he composed his poetry chiefly in win-  
 " ter, and on his waking in a morning  
 " would make her write down sometimes  
 " twenty or thirty verses; and being asked  
 " (as we learn from Newton's Life of  
 " Milton) whether he did not often read  
 " Homer and Virgil, she understood it as  
 " an imputation upon him, for stealing  
 " from those authors; and answered with  
 " eagerness, that he stole from nobody  
 " but the Muse, who inspired him: and,  
 " being asked by a lady present who the

“ Muse was, replied, it was God’s grace,  
“ and the Holy Spirit that nightly visited  
“ him.”

The country through which we travelled in Cheshire, seen from the high grounds, has a very extensive level appearance; but certainly not so widely spread, as to entitle it to the appellation of the Vale Royal of England.

Though Cheshire is famous for producing excellent cheese, yet it’s soil has not a luxuriant appearance; deep sand, with black-moor or peat-land, appears often interspersed with it’s clays. Woods are seldom seen, but much timber grows in the hedge-rows. Dairies being the most important object, almost every farmer has a large herd of cattle, which we saw constantly with the sullen grumbling bull driven to and from the folds where they were milked, not clothed with sooty skins and ragged hair, like those near the metropolis, but

with smooth and speckled sides, shining in healthful brightness.

At a short distance from the road, on our entrance into Staffordshire, is Bloreheath, where was fought the fierce battle of that name between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians; in which the precipitate bravery of the latter, being more than double in number to the former, proved fatal to them, with Audley their leader and the flower of the Cheshire gentry.

From Nantwich to Stafford the ride is very uninteresting. Stafford has good houses, spacious streets, and a wide market-place. To the south it is bounded by the river Sow; to the north it was protected by walls, and had four gates; the last of which was lately taken down, and now all traces of its having been fortified are nearly swept away.

From Stafford the country improves, and though still flat, becomes full of vegetation and beauty.

Birmingham was seen, long before we arrived at it; situated upon an eminence, nearly in the heart of the kingdom, it has a pure and wholesome air, though much annoyed with the smoke from it's numerous manufactories.

At this town we stopped but a few hours. We admired many of the streets; but we had visited it about twelve years before, and thought it's industrious appearance, wealth, and population, now much diminished: though the recent census differs only by seventeen from one recorded by Mr. Hutton, in his "History of Birmingham," as having been made in 1791. It has still however upwards of seventy thousand inhabitants. It's extent seemed to be greater than that of any town in Great-Britain, except London; which arises from the artisans being generally accommodated with separate houses. Though no place, from it's elevation and the dryness of it's soil, can be more happily cir-

cumstanced for the preservation of health than Birmingham, yet we thought the working people appeared meagre, pale, and stunted probably from close confinement, and being too early in life devoted to constant labour; a cause which is thought by high authorities to affect the growth, and diminish the health of the children engaged in cotton-manufactories, even more than those occupied amidst the noxious effluvia of metals. To these causes must also be added the profligacy of morals, which too generally prevails where the sexes are promiscuously employed.

In the course of the last century, Birmingham has risen from a village to be one of the most considerable towns in the kingdom, and is a splendid example of the blessings attendant on ingenuity and industry. Its extensive manufactures, chiefly buckles, buttons, plated-ware and fire-arms, have rendered necessary a navigable communication with London, Bristol, Liver-



pool, and Hull, as well as with all the intermediate parts of the kingdom.

As a proof of the extraordinary increase of this town, it is mentioned that, in 1688, the sum distributed for the poor was 308*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.*; but, in 1786, the rates levied for the same purpose amounted to 12,429*l.* 9*s.* 11½*d.*: they have since arisen to upwards of 30,000*l.* per annum. Though this assuredly is a mark of increased population, and affords a much better estimate of the greatness of a place, than that of Elagabalus, who formed his opinion of the immense size of Rome from the weight of cobwebs, which had been collected in that city, yet such proofs should be regarded with considerable allowance. The accumulating pressure of taxation, and increasing dissoluteness of manners, have multiplied exceedingly the poor; and unfortunately the number of their companions in adversity disposes the lower classes to regard with

less shame the degradation of receiving relief from the parish.

From Birmingham we proceeded to Warwick. This city is beautifully situated upon a rock of freestone, and its castle and church have a very striking appearance. It is supplied with water conveyed for some distance through leaden pipes, which have been lately supposed to impregnate the water with the substance of that poisonous metal, and frequently to give rise to many obstinate diseases.

We visited the church, and elegant gothic chapel adjoining, containing the splendid monuments of the vanity and departed grandeur of the old earls of Warwick, and admired the external appearance of the sessions-house. From the middle of the principal street, the view of its whole length, terminated at each end with gothic entrances, is singularly pleasing.

The next object of our attention was the

castle, the walls of which are washed by the "soft flowing Avon." After entering the outer gate, we proceeded along a new circuitous avenue, cut through a rock of free-stone at considerable expence, and in several places many feet below the surface on each side. Arriving at the area of the castle, we were much struck with the simplicity and beauty of it's appearance. This castle (as well as the city) is of such antiquity, as to render it doubtful whether it were not built before the invasion of the Romans.

The mansion was at this time prepared for the reception of it's noble proprietor, and had a most comfortable appearance. Here we were shown the two-handed sword of the famous Guy earl of Warwick, with his spear and porridge-pot, and the slipper of his peerless Phillis, for whose sake were performed all those wonderful achievements, which once excited the admiration

of a credulous but gallant and martial people.

What a train of pleasant associations did the production of these relics excite! They recalled to memory those happy years, when

“ ——— life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.”

The ages of chivalry, whatever may be pronounced about their having actually passed away, still “ live in description, and look green in song:” and the exploits of the knight of La Mancha, with the *facetie* of his squire, which regaled our early, continue occasionally to renovate our riper years. The Spanish salutation, when addressed to Cervantes, was not an hyperbole. He certainly will “ live a thousand years.” But though he judiciously corrected the abuses of the system, there was always something in it to excite our admi-

ration, and even at it's most degenerate period had something to command our respect. The wild ideas which infected the deportment, conversation, and writings of Europeans during so many ages, and a long series of giants, enchanters, and dragons, with a thousand other chimeras, naturally arose in our minds.

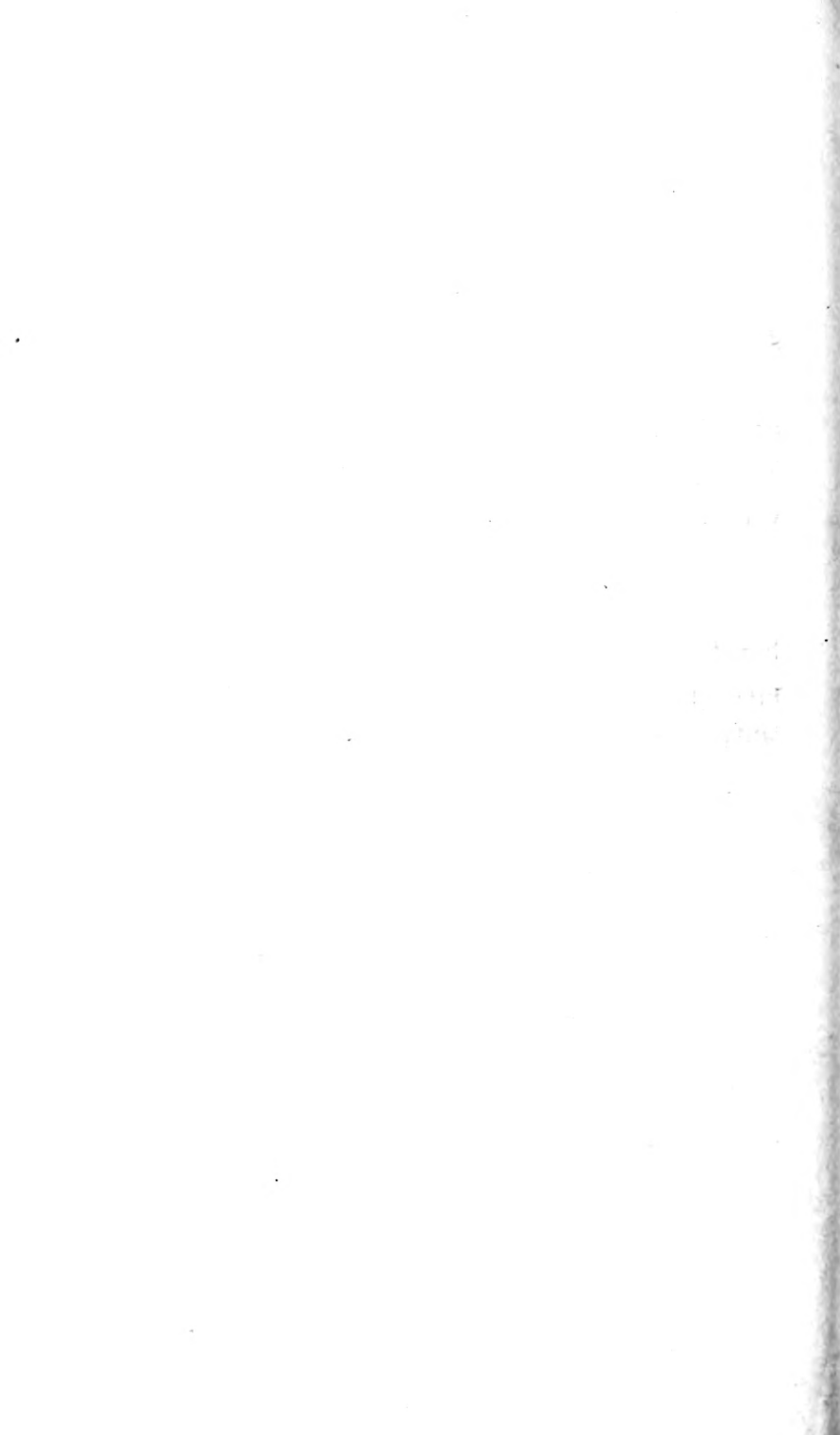
The distant and reverential politeness and the inviolable fidelity, which chivalry required from knights-errant toward their mistresses, have given an importance to the fair sex in civilized Europe, which they never obtained amongst barbarians; have associated them as the consorts of men's lives as well as of their beds, and the sharers of their existence, instead of being the subjects of their despotism, the sports of their lust, and the instruments of their labour; and have produced sentiments and affections so delicate and lasting, as to have rendered them in general estimation the

most faithful companions and comforters of an otherwise cheerless life.

The garden and pleasure grounds are rather too confined. The grounds sloping towards the Avon, the ruins of the old bridge, and the elegant new one, with the luxuriant verdure and noble trees around, gave a beauty and richness to the landscape rarely to be equalled.

We were much pleased with the magnificence and beauty of the antique Bacchanalian vase, of Parian marble, placed in the centre of the green-house, raised upon a modern square pedestal. This incomparable model of pristine ingenuity, found buried, broken, and dispersed, amongst the ruins of that once extensive emporium of arts, Hadrian's villa, was carefully restored, and transmitted into this country by the late Sir William Hamilton to his nephew, the present lord Warwick. This, and one in the possession of the

duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey, are the only complete vases of equal dimensions extant, and are esteemed the finest specimens of the kind ever discovered. The latter, though not so finely decorated, cost the late duke seven hundred guineas. When the successor of the emperor Trajan was marching on foot and bare-headed over the snows of Caledonia, he little imagined that, even in the vicissitudes of time, her future sons would be so refined as anxiously to collect on the banks of the Tiber, monuments of the departed grandeur of the "eternal city."





## CHAP. 21.

Daventry—Towcester—Hills of fuller's-earth—Woburn—Waste lands—St. Alban's—Lord Bacon—Sir William Jones—Sir John Mandeville—Earl of Warwick—Barnet—Highgate—Islington—Concluding reflections.

FROM Warwick we proceeded to Daventry, which is tolerably built, with one spacious street. The country about it is hilly, well-wooded, and pleasant.

The air of Northamptonshire is celebrated for it's purity, and has more seats of noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, than any other of it's size in England. The soil is fertile, both in corn and pasture; but we thought the lower classes of people looked miserably. This is probably to be attributed to the scarcity of fuel, and of water; for of this county may be predicated a part (a part, we trust, only) of what Pen-

nant in his *Scotish Tour*, iii. p. 119. records, with a similar exception, of the Carse of Gowrie, that “ it wants water all the summer, fire all winter, and the grace of God “ all the year through.”

From Daventry we passed through Towcester, a neat town though the houses are generally low, situated in a plain upon the small stream called the Tove. Lace is here manufactured, and silk stockings.

As we entered Bedfordshire, we saw Woburn on the left, the seat of the duke of Bedford. We admired the wide-spreading plantations, laid out with great taste by the late high-minded possessor. The agricultural experiments promoted by that nobleman, whose death has been so deeply lamented, have introduced into a district, supposed to be much behind others in cultivation, the general spirit of improvement which so eminently distinguishes the present age.

It may not be improper here to mention

the perpetual source of regret, which we felt throughout the whole of our tour, at the immense quantities of waste land conspicuous in almost every stage, and not infrequently in the vicinity of large towns. Surely, were even a small portion of these acres enclosed and cultivated, we should not so often depend for supplies upon foreign countries, nor incur the dreadful risk of national famine.

Travelling over the dreary sands of Woburn, and passing through Dunstable, known for it's manufacture of straw-hats, baskets, and toys, we arrived at St. Alban's. Near the road, on the Woburn sands, were pointed out to us the hills of fuller's-earth, which is the best cleanser of cloth from grease, and is supposed to give to our staple manufacture such a decided superiority over that of other nations.

St. Alban's, though by no means a considerable town, was once the seat of royalty and of great population. It was built

out of the ruins of Verulamium, the capital of the country, which must have been very extensive; for in the reign of Nero, Boadicea raised an insurrection, and the fierce Britons massacred seventy thousand of the inhabitants, who had forsaken the customs and religion of their countrymen, and received from the Romans immunities and honours, as the purchase or the reward of their apostasy.

In the church of St. Alban's, a magnificent pile, lie the remains of lord Bacon, the ornament of his age and nation; who has justly been designated as the "Prophet of the Arts," and who has left in his works a monument infinitely more lasting than this of stone. Of him Addison has said, that he possessed "the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light and graces and embellishments of Cicero." The stain upon the character of this great man, which every one acquainted with

his works is desirous of forgetting, arose principally from his being denied permission by his royal master (James the First) to vindicate himself from the charge of receiving bribes. Another cause, which cannot be doubted, was his indulgence to his servants. It is related that after his disgrace, on their rising up, while he was passing through a room in which several of them had been sitting, he sarcastically said, "Sit down, my masters, your rise hath been my fall."

Lord Bacon seems not personally to have been addicted to a selfish or narrow policy. His legal decisions prove that he was a friend to the cause of justice, not one of his decisions having been reversed; and he certainly treasured up nothing for himself. His ingratitude to Essex was his worst fault, and for this the prejudice against him during his life was strong and unrelenting. There can be no doubt, however, that the lustre of his writings will finally

overcome the shades of his moral character; and of this he seems himself to have been conscious, when he said, “ My name and memory I leave to foreign nations; and to my own countrymen, after some time is passed over.”

Upon looking in later times for something like a parallel to this illustrious name, we found none upon which our eyes rested with so much acquiescence as that of Sir William Jones. Distinguished, like lord Bacon, at an early period of life for his extraordinary attainments; destined to the laborious and honourable profession of the law, and following it with a passion which however did not exclude the successful intermixture of philosophical pursuits; and finally, when raised to one of it's loftiest dignities, uniting with the discharge of it an ardent thirst for the acquisition and communication of universal knowledge, he appeared to us amply to merit the high encomia, with which the literati of Asia

and of Europe have emulously combined to honour his memory. For this digression the author will perhaps obtain pardon, by inserting an extract relative to this great man, from an admirable poem on "The Restoration of Learning in the East," by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, whose long and uninterrupted friendship and kind services he feels himself proud to acknowledge, and whose various and splendid attainments render that friendship invaluable.

His were the stores of letter'd time, comprest  
 The mind of ages in a single breast;  
 The glance to catch, the patience to inquire,  
 The sage's temper and the poet's fire.  
 In him the wealth of Greece and Latium shone,  
 Their Themis, Clio, Erato, his own;  
 And his, reveal'd in all their dazzling hues,  
 The luscious charms of Asia's florid Muse:  
 With her o'er Schiraz' roseate plain he roved,  
 Where Hafiz revell'd and where Sadi loved;  
 On Rocnabad's green marge delighted stray'd,  
 Heard her soft lute in Mosellay's sweet shade:  
 Then pierc'd the mazy depths of Sanscrit lore,  
 While Brahmins own'd a light unseen before,

Bow'd to their master-pupil, and confest  
With humbled brow the Genius of the West.

But nobler cares are his: for human kind  
He plies his restless energies of mind.  
Strung by that orb, beneath whose flaming ray  
Inferiour natures crumble to decay,  
With growing speed he presses to the goal,  
And his fleet axles kindle as they roll.

'Twas his to bid admiring India see,  
In law, pure reason's ripen'd progeny:  
Law, which in heaven and earth holds sovereigns way;  
Whose rule the bad endure, the good obey;  
Whose giant grasp o'er whirling spheres extends,  
Whose tender hand the insect-speck befriends;  
Her voice of quiring worlds th' harmonious modē,  
And her high throne the bosom of her God.

Ah! short the blessing: of ætherial fire  
One vivid burst, to lighten and expire!  
In vain the Christian crown'd the learned name,  
And boundless knowledge form'd his meaner fame:—  
He falls: bewail'd from where Hydaspes laves  
His sands of gold, to Thames's distant waves;  
Isis and Ganges weep their sage's doom,  
And mingle sorrows o'er his early tomb, &c.

St. Alban's gave birth to Sir John Mandeville, the greatest traveller of his or of any other age, who died at Liege, A. D. 1371. During an absence from his country of



thirty-four years, he travelled through Seythia, Armenia, the Greater and Less Egypt, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldea, Greece, Dalmatia, &c. and it is probable that he even penetrated as far as China. The monks of his time threw much discredit on his "Itinerary;" but a more intimate knowledge of the countries, which he mentions, proves considerable authenticity in his account of his travels.

On our approach to Barnet, we noticed the obelisk commemorative of the great battle, between the Yorkists and the Lancastrians, in which the victors dearly purchased their triumph with the loss of fifteen thousand men.

At this place the great earl of Warwick again fought on foot; resolving, as he had done at Towton, to show the army that he was determined to share their fortunes; and here, obstinately contending for victory, he fell in the thickest

of the engagement. His defeat, however, may be rather attributed to the infidelity of his bosom-friends, than to the superiour skill or power of his antagonist, Edward IV.

The character, which Mr. Hume has drawn of this nobleman, strikingly exhibits the manners of the age in which he lived: “ Warwick had distinguished himself by  
 “ his gallantry in the field, by the hospita-  
 “ lity of his table, by the magnificence and  
 “ still more by the generosity of his expence,  
 “ and by the spirited and bold manner  
 “ which attended him in all his actions.  
 “ The undesigning frankness and openness  
 “ of his character rendered his conquest  
 “ over men’s affections the more certain and  
 “ infallible : his presents were regarded as  
 “ sure testimonies of esteem and friendship ;  
 “ and his professions as the overflowings of  
 “ his genuine sentiments. No less than  
 “ thirty thousand persons are said to have  
 “ daily lived at his board, in the different

“ manors and castles which he possessed in  
 “ England; the military men, allured by  
 “ his munificence and hospitality, as well as  
 “ by his bravery, were zealously attached  
 “ to his interests ; the people in general bore  
 “ him an unlimited affection; his numer-  
 “ ous retainers were more devoted to his  
 “ will, than to the prince or to the laws,  
 “ and he was the greatest, as well as the  
 “ last, of those mighty barons, who formerly  
 “ overawed the crown, and rendered the  
 “ people incapable of any regular system  
 “ of civil government.”

In descending Highgate-hill, we had a  
 full view of the metropolis—the dome of  
 Saint Paul’s, the numerous churches, and  
 the almost interminable expanse of houses  
 spread before us, exhibited a sublime pic-  
 ture of it’s grandeur, it’s vastness, and  
 it’s population. When we reflected that,  
 within a circle of twenty-five miles, near-  
 ly as many souls are contained as in  
 the extensive county of York, the surprise

which had been excited at various places in our excursion, of the quantities of cattle, sheep, and other articles of consumption, converging from all points to London, ceased; and we were more disposed to admire the facility, with which this overgrown capital is fed.

Barnet, Highgate, Islington, towns that would be very respectable at a distance from the "small village," as London has often been quaintly denominated, we passed through without interest. This proud city, not contented with her unrivalled superiority over every other place in England, seems enviously to forbid those who approach her from noticing any towns in her vicinity.

In our progress, we could not help contrasting the gay and busy appearance of the various carriages upon the road, and the infinite number and variety of seats and mansions, with the naked and desolate scenes which we had left behind.

We reflected with delight on our change of prospect: we contrasted the cultivated fields, the winding rivers, the picturesque ruins, the fine cities, the mighty mountains, the extensive lakes, the tremendous waterfalls, the rich verdure of England, with the wild and sterile sublimity of the Scottish Highlands; and we recollected, with a grateful sigh, the pleasing society and kind hospitality of which we had in both countries participated.

The beauties of the country are naturally heightened to those, who are much confined to the metropolis. Our stopping occasionally at large towns increased the effect of the rural scenery, by relieving the senses, and preventing the eye from being sated with a succession of similar impressions.

Memory, hurrying over scenes so dissimilar in character and so rapidly shifted, kept the imagination in a pleasing state of activity, and produced an infinite assemblage of combinations, over which the mind

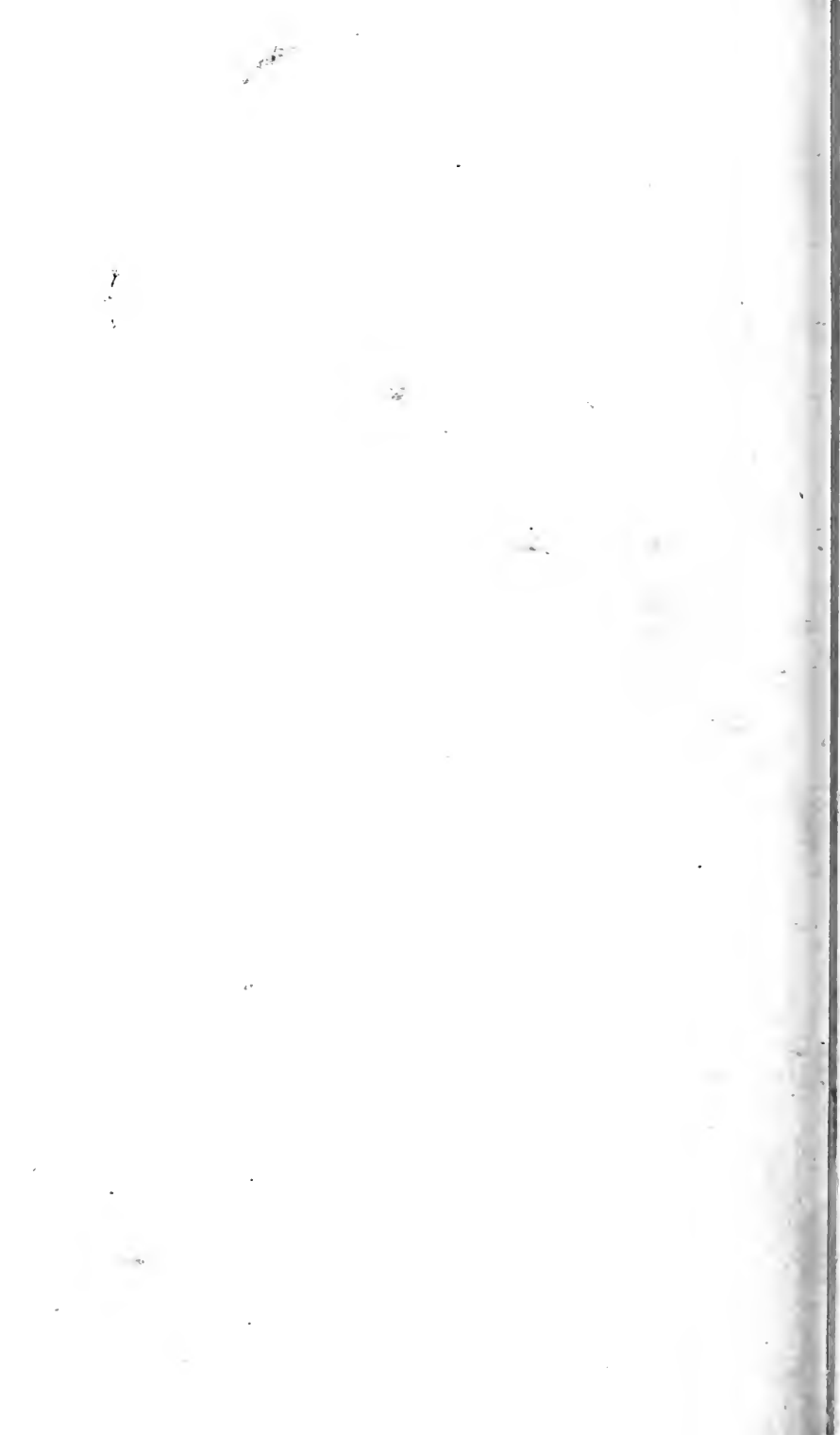
wandered in vain for a distinct object. We were upon the whole, however, powerfully impressed with the conviction, that our tour had exhibited an abundant variety of picturesque scenery, and the most extensive field of reflection; whether we chose to compare the rude simplicity of a highland village with the courtly magnificence of Edinburgh, and the commercial splendour of Glasgow, or to contrast the poverty of a highland peasantry with the comforts of wealthy manufacturers. The extremes of luxuriance and barrenness, of indolence and industry, alternately met the eye; and we were disposed to believe, that no two individuals had ever before experienced, in the same period of time (a month) so employed, more of interest, or more of gratification.

We had uniformly enjoyed fine weather, kind friends, and good health. With such feelings as these, how can it be said that "Recollection is but a revival of vexa-

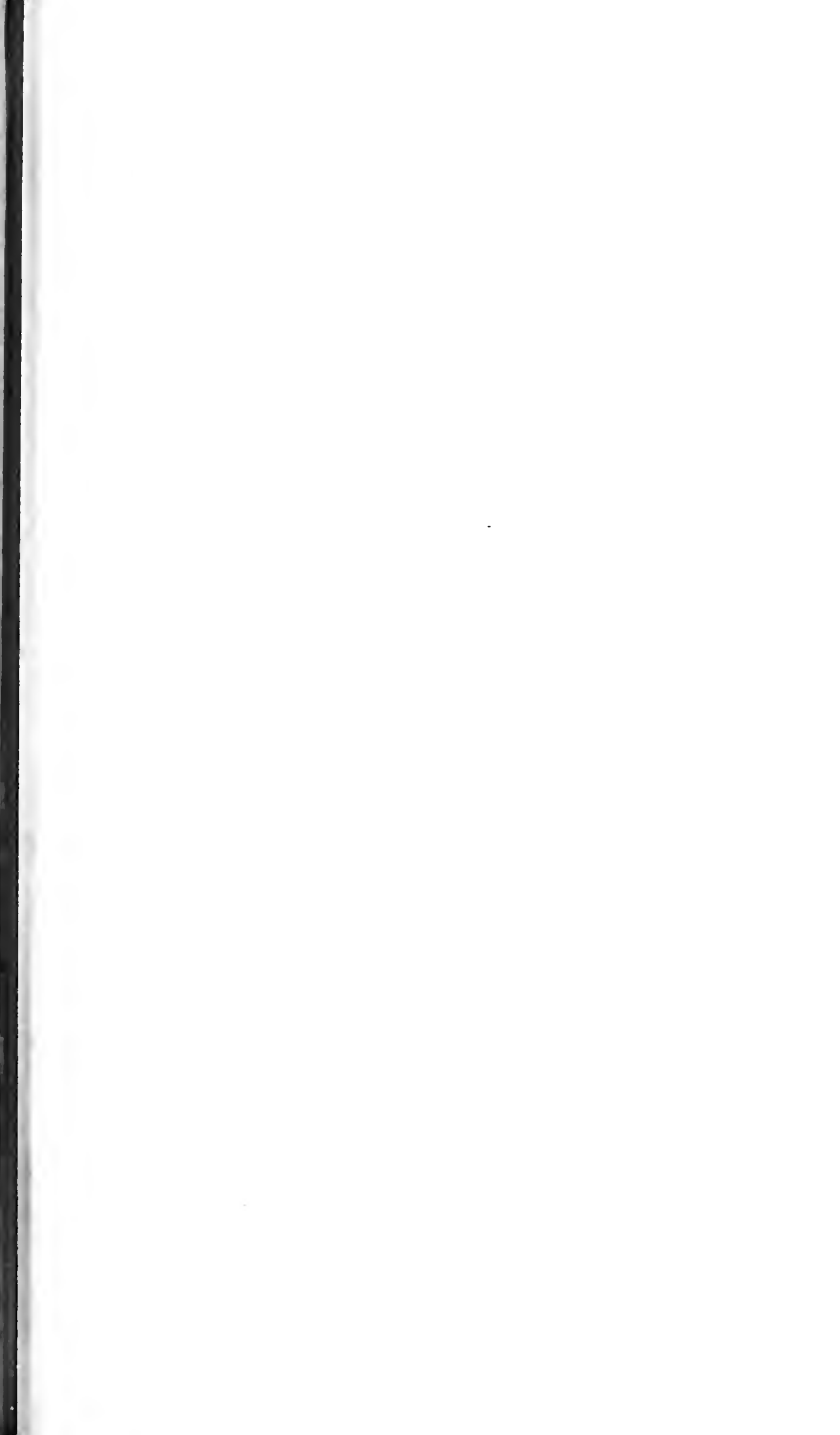
tions?" It was melancholy that uttered this, and it is prudent to avoid such gloomy notions. The great art of life is to think favourably of every thing, and to have desireable objects in expectation; with such a disposition, "Recollection will be a revival of pleasures."

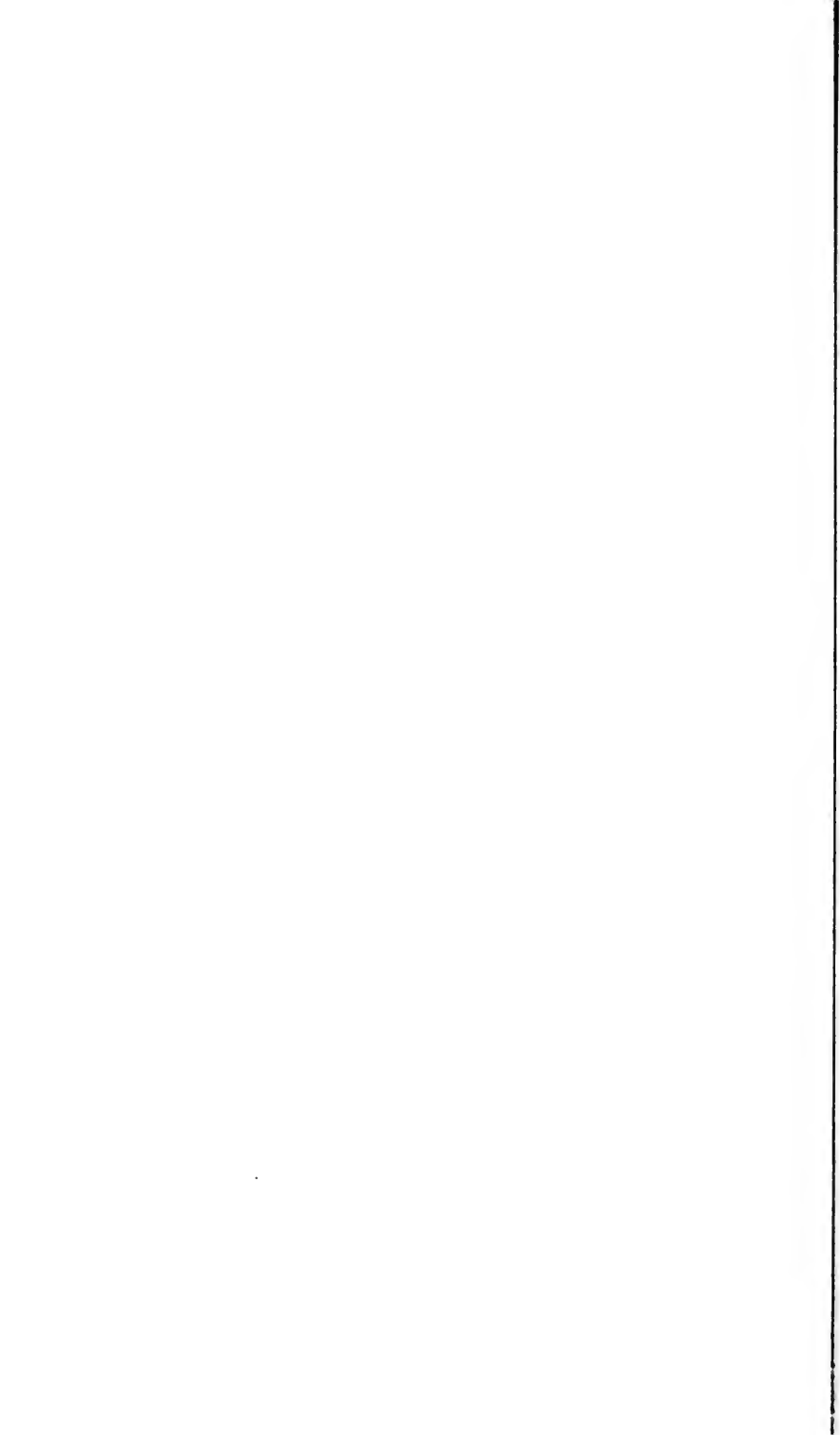
On our entrance into London through Finsbury, admiring the magnificence of the houses and the grandeur of the square, and beholding the wealth displayed all around, we were disposed to congratulate Fortune on the gifts which she bestows; but we remembered the answer, which she is said to have delivered in a stern voice; "I give not, but lend at great interest"—and we hid our heads in the midst of smoke, of toil, and of heart-rending jealousies.

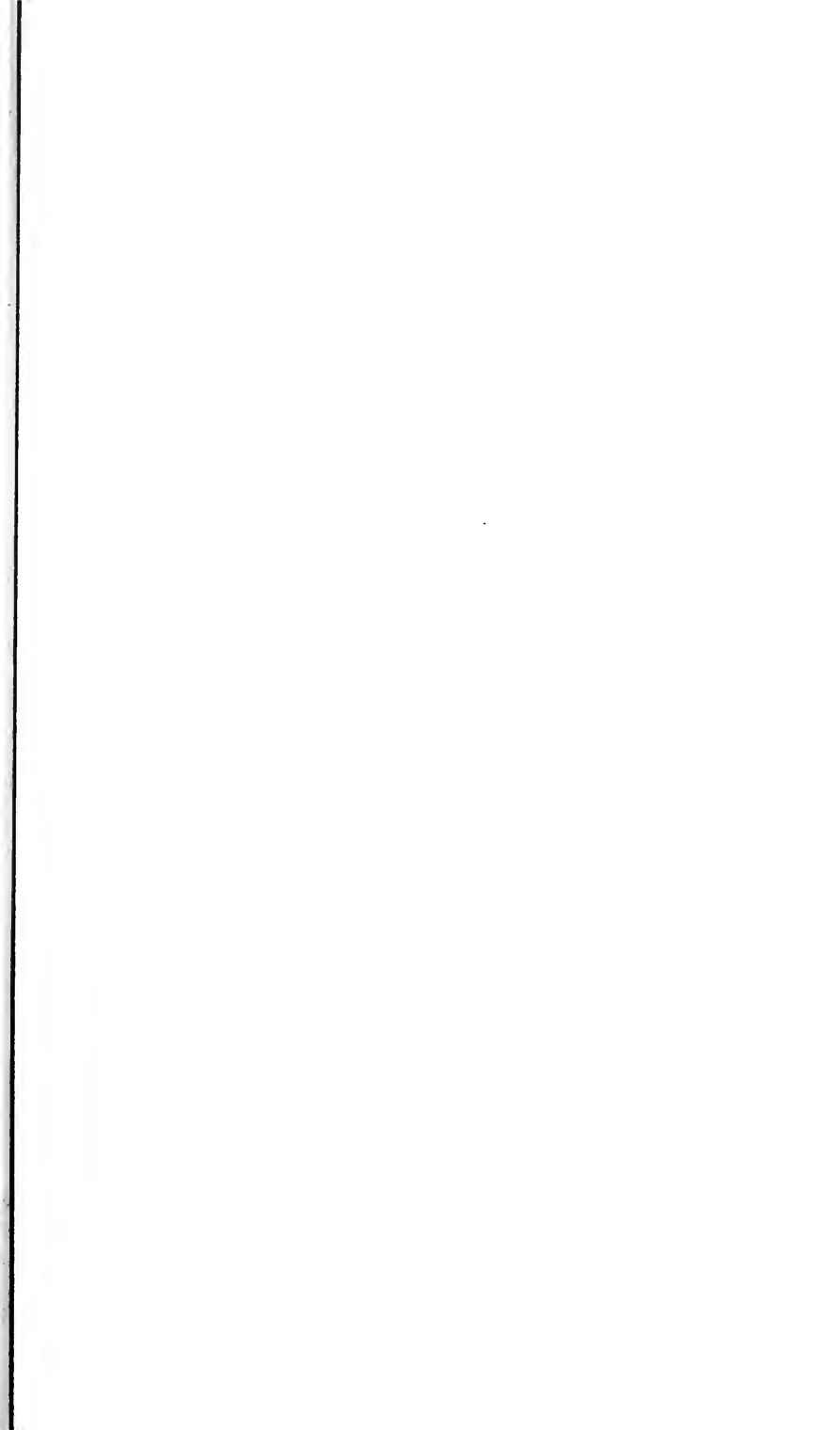
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